

**THE MYSTERY
OF THE
GOLDEN BLOSSOM
By
SAMAEL AUN WEOR**

CHAPTER 1

SEXUAL MAGIC

Magic, according to Novalis is the art of consciously influencing the interior world.

It is written with burning coals in the extraordinary book of life that the ardent love between man and woman works magically.

Hermes Trismegistus, thrice great God IBIS of THOTH, said in his emerald tablet: "I give you love in which is contained supreme wisdom".

"All of us possess some electrical and magnetic forces within, and, just like a magnet, we exert a force of attraction and repulsion... Between lovers that magnetic force is particularly powerful and its action has a far reaching effect."

Sexual Magic (THE SAHAJA MAITHUNA) between husband and wife is based on the polar properties which certainly have their potential element in sex.

It is not hormones or vitamins that are required for life, but authentic feelings of "you" and "I", hence the interchange of the most selective, affective and erotic faculties between man and woman.

The mediaeval asceticism of the past age of Pisces rejected sex, characterising it as taboo or as a sin.

The new revolutionary asceticism of Aquarius is based on sex; it is clear that in the mysteries of the LINGAM-YONI is found the key to all power.

From this intelligent combination of sexual yearning and spiritual enthusiasm arises, as if by enchantment, the magic Consciousness.

A wise author said: "Sexual Magic leads to the unity of the Soul and sensuality; in other words to living sexuality. Sexuality loses its suspicious, scornful character which is only observed in secrecy and with a certain confessed shame; on the contrary it is placed at the service of a marvellous rejoicing of life, permeated by it and elevated to a component of the affirmation of existence, which happily assures the equilibrium of free personality."

We urgently need to escape from the dismal daily tendency of vulgar ordinary coupling and to enter the luminous sphere of magnetic equilibrium in the "rediscovery of one another", in the discovery of the Path of the Edge of the Razor within you - the secret way which leads to the final liberation.

"Only when we know and use the laws of magnetism between bodies and souls, will all the words spoken about love, sex and sexuality cease to be transitory, senseless images, mists that vanish with the light. The tremendous difficulty which is present in the study of Sexual Magic is clear. It is not easy to demonstrate Sexual Yoga, the Maithuna as "learnable" and "visible", with its control on the most delicate nervous currents and the multiple subconscious, infra-conscious and unconscious influences over the soul.

Let us talk clearly and in plain language: the subject of SEXUAL YOGA is a matter for direct and intimate experimentation, something very personal.

It is essential in Sexual Magic to renounce bestial concupiscence for the sake of spirituality if we truly want to find Ariadne's thread of Ascension, the auric twine that will take us from darkness to light, from death to immortality.

A great philosopher whose name I will not mention said: "If the authentic procreative energies of both soul and spirit are situated in the depths of our Consciousness, then we precisely encounter in the sympathetic nervous system the mediator and guide to internal reality with its radiating network of sensitive ganglia, which not only influences the organs of the Soul but also governs, directs and controls the most important centres in the interior of the body; it guides in the same mysterious manner the marvel of conception until the birth of a new being, as well as the phenomena of the heart, kidneys, suprarenal capsules, generative glands, etc.

"On the other hand, the sympathetic nervous system with all its sensitivity and spirituality, in the rhythms of life, as the authentic *Spiritus Creator* of the body, attempts to balance all subordinate psychic and physical elements in the rhythm of the Universe through the direction of molecular currents and the crystallisation of cosmic rays.

"This *Nervus Sympaticus* is in reality also a *Nervus Ideoplasticus* which should be understood as the mediator between our unconscious instinctive life and the moderation of the living image impressed in our Spirit since eternities. It is the great balancer which can pacify and reconcile the perpetual polarity - in the rising and setting of the soul's sun, in the manifestations of black and white, love and hate, God and Devil, exaltation and discouragement."

The Divine Androgyne from the first human race, Adam Kadmon, procreated only with willpower and magic imagination, united in vibrant harmony.

The ancient sages of the Kabbala affirmed that such volitional and imaginative potential was lost by the fall into sin, for this reason the human being was cast out of Eden.

This magnificent synthetic conception from the Hebraic Kabbala is based on a tremendous truth. This being so, it is the precise function of Sexual Magic to reestablish that Divine original unity of paradisiac Androgyny within ourselves.

A certain sage emphatically stated the following: "The work of Sexual Magic transfigures the body and brings about an ideal accentuation of the sexual within the soul. For this reason only those beings who try to overcome the dual dilemma between the world of the soul and that of the senses are capable of Sexual Magic - those beings who are endowed with innermost wakefulness, those who are absolutely free from any kind of hypocrisy, sanctimony, negation or devaluation of life."

CHAPTER 2

RASPUTIN

I want to emphasize the basic idea, which we have to formulate in this way: "The great lovers of lewdness and lechery belong rather to the Casanova type than to the famous Don Juan Tenorio type."

If the crafty Don Juan type reflects all his love adventures in the egocentric malignant mirror of his refined fantasy with the abominable intention of looking down on women, of profaning them despicably, of raping and defaming them perversely, by despoiling virgins and in "driving them to sin". It is undoubtedly a special kind of masculine hatred against women.

According to the law of opposites, the libidinous desire of sexual fascination exclusively based on the natural and sentimental instinctive impulses predominate in the Casanova type.

Unfortunately, these kind of individuals are insatiable, they suffer and make others suffer.

The Casanova type is a kind of "mocking master" of women who seems to have the gift of ubiquity since he can be seen everywhere. He is like a sailor who has a girl-friend in every port and is often engaged to be married, promising eternal love...

In contrast to the refined sexual sadism of the Don Juan type, we discover in the Casanova type a rational Homuncule who wants to smother the unbearable boredom of his own existence in a bed of pleasures.

Another type, fortunately less common than the charmer of women, could be called the Devil type.

One of the most genuine representatives of this sinister type was undoubtedly the monk Gregory Rasputin. A strange ascetic passionately fond of the occult, a kind of rustic hypnotist in religious robes.

It is obvious that the despotic magic strength of the "Sacred Devil" Rasputin clearly stands out due to his exclusive and tremendous sexual drive. The Czar and the Czarina knelt in front of him; they believed they could see a living saint in this evil monk.

Clearly Rasputin found the Czars well disposed to him thanks to the French magician Papus (Dr Encause), family doctor to the Royal Couple.

Waldemar says: "The diplomatic memoirs of the French Ambassador Maurice Paleologue in St. Petersburg at that time, published by the *Revue des deux Mondes*, are indeed most instructive.

"The Ambassador describes an invocation of the spirits worked by the conspicuous French occultist Papus (Dr Encause), incidentally this was done according to the wish of the Czars.

The cause of such a session was the revolutionary disturbances of 1905. Papus was to ward off the disturbance through a great exorcism in the presence of the Czar, the Czarina and the aide, Captain Mandryka.

"Paleologue, as a guarantor of Papus with whom he had a friendly relationship says: Through an intense concentration of his will and an extraordinary increase of his fluid energy, the magician managed to evoke the spirit of the very pious Czar Alexander III. Without doubt signs proved the presence of the invisible spirit...

"Despite the anguish that oppressed his heart, Nicholas II asked his father whether he should act against the liberal movement that threatened to sweep Russia. The phantom answered: You should eradicate the incipient revolution no matter what it might cost. However, one day it will spring up again and it will be more violent, the harder the actual repression gets. It does not matter! Courage my son! Do not stop fighting!"

Waldemar the wise continues: "The Czar, as a well known believer in spirits, had, therefore, to give importance to a man who, just like Rasputin, was very famous as a miraculous healer.

"The Peasant monk was one of the so-called sorcerers of the village, these were very common in Russia at that time. He had such a vital and extraordinary magnetism due to his amazing sexual drive, that he must have produced the effect of a primitive force within the already partly degenerate noble circles of St. Petersburg.

"One of his first exploits in the court was to magnetically treat the heir of the throne who was suffering from haemophilia, he managed to control his bleeding; something that the doctors had not been able to achieve."

Waldemar continues: "Since that moment the great dukes, ministers and the whole nobility shuddered before him. Due to the fact that the life of the Czarovich was in his hands, he received unlimited trust from the Czar and the Czarina and he knew quite well how to use that trust to his advantage. He ruled the Czars and therefore Russia as he pleased.

"Whilst constantly increasing his power, a group of high lineage and position opposed to him, led by the Prince Yussupov and the great Duke Pavlovitsch, decided to eliminate the troublesome "Miraculous Monk".

"It happened that during a dinner party at the palace of the aforementioned prince, food and drink was served to the invited monk laced with potassium cyanide in doses which were enough to kill twenty or more people in a matter of seconds. But Rasputin ate and drank with increasing appetite and the poison seemed to have no effect on him at all.

"The conspirators began to worry but kept encouraging the hated man to eat and drink more.

Nothing worked, the poison had no effect on the miraculous monk, but on the contrary the accursed man seemed to feel more comfortable. Therefore the conspirators agreed that Yussupov would kill him with a gun. The Prince shot him, Rasputin fell face down and the conspirators believed him to be dead.

"Yussupov, who had shot the monk in the chest, tried to turn the body of the monk face upwards but to his surprise Rasputin shoved him and with heavy laboured steps tried to escape from the room. Then the conspirator Purischkewitsch shot the monk four more times and he fell once again. Once more he got up, this time he was hit with a stick as well as kicked by the furious Purischkewitsch until he definitely seemed to be dead.

"But the vitality of Rasputin was endless and once again he gave signs of life when the conspirators were putting his body in a sack which they tied up and threw from a bridge onto the ice floes of the Neva."

This was the tragic end of a man who could have achieved in depth SELF-REALIZATION.

Unfortunately, the monk Gregory Rasputin did not know how to wisely use this amazing sexual energy that Nature had endowed him with and consequently he descended to the lowest level of sensuality.

One night I set out to investigate directly the discarnated Rasputin.

Since I know in depth all the psychic functions of the Eidolon (Astral Body of the Super-Man), it was not difficult for me to make a magic split. Dressed in that sidereal body, widely mentioned by Philip Teofasto Bombasto of Honheneim (Aureola Paracelsus), I left my Physical body in order to move freely within the fifth dimension of Nature, the astral world.

What I saw with my spatial sense (the Eye of Horus) was terrible. I affirm emphatically that I had to enter a horrible tavern where you could only see barrels full of wine amongst which there were a multitude of horrifying creatures, very much like human beings.

I looked for Rasputin, the Sacred Devil. I wanted to talk to that strange monk before whom so many princes, counts, dukes and marquises of the Russian nobility had shuddered; but here instead of one Ego I saw many Egos, and all of them were part of the same Ego of the monk Gregory Rasputin.

I had in front of my spiritual sight, in front of my Cosmic Being a bunch of Devils; a Pluralized Ego within which there was only one worthy element. I am referring to the Essence.

Since I could find no one responsible, I approached one of those abominable grotesque creatures that passed near me: "Here is the place where you ended up Rasputin. This was the result of your disordered life and the many orgies and vices."

"You are mistaken Samael," answered the monstrous figure, trying to defend or justify his sensual life and then he added. "You need intuition."

"You cannot deceive me Rasputin." Those were my last words, then I left that sinister place situated in the LIMBO in the ORCO of the classics, at the entrance of the submerged mineral Kingdom.

If Rasputin had not carried out so much charitable work, by this time he would be undergoing involution in time within the submerged worlds, under the Earth's crust, in the dwellings of Pluto.

Many years have gone by and I keep meditating on the fact that human beings do not have yet an authentic individuality. The only thing that continues after death is a bunch of Devils.

What horror! Ego-Devils... Each one of our psychological defects is represented by some of those abominable Dantesque creatures.

CHAPTER 3

THE JUGGLER DEVIL

The existence of an extraordinary plastic mediator within the intellectual humanoid wrongly called "man", is evident.

I want to emphatically refer to the SOLAR PLEXUS, the emotional centre wisely placed by nature in the region of the navel.

Without question this magnificent ancestor of the two biped, three-centred or three-cerebral being, saturates himself with the sexual essence of our creative organs.

We have been told that the "Magic Eye" of the abdomen is frequently stimulated by sexual Hydrogen SI-12 (SI=TE from the musical scale DOH, RAY, ME, etc.), which rises from the sexual organs.

It is therefore an unbreakable axiom of Hermetic philosophy that, in the region of the abdomen there is a powerful sexually-energetic accumulator. Through the sexual agent any representation can take shape in the magnetic field of the SOLAR PLEXUS.

The ideo-plastic representative is formed in itself by the content of the lower abdomen. We do not exaggerate when we emphasize the basic idea that the Selves who later emerge on the scene of existence have a beginning in the abdomen. Such psychological, ideo-plastic entities, would never exist without the sexual agent.

Each SELF is therefore a living psychological representation that emerges from the lower abdomen; the personal EGO is a sum of EGOS.

The intellectual animal is in fact a machine controlled by different Egos. Some Egos represent anger in all its aspects, others greed and some others lust, etc.

These are the "Red Devils" mentioned in the ancient Egyptian *Book of the Dead*.

In the name of truth it is necessary to say that the only thing of worth within us is the "ESSENCE". Unfortunately this in itself is dispersed here and there and is bottled up by each of the different Egos.

"The Juggler Devil" takes shape in sexual energy. Some very strong Egos can produce a variety of amazing physical phenomena.

Waldemar tells us of the following event: "The prestigious trustee of the city of San Miniato al Tedesco which is situated between Florence and Pisa, had a fifteen year old daughter whom the Demon attacked in such a way that caused sensation throughout the whole country.

"It was not only that the bed the girl was in, was moving from one side of the room to the other, in such a way, that one minute she was against one wall and the next against the other, but the Demon also broke a number of things in the house, opened doors and drawers and caused such a disturbance that the residents spent the night shaking and full of fear.

"The girl was attacked by the Devil in front of her parents in such a way that, despite her begging and imploring, he seized her by the hips and threw her up in the air.

"In vain did she call, 'Virgin Mary! Help me to save myself!' This happened in front of hundreds of people from the city. She was dragged through the window, swaying airborne for a few minutes in front of the house and over the market place.

"It is not strange that virtually the whole city, being astonished by both the unprecedented event and the cruelty of the Devil, ran to the marketplace praising the girl for her courage.

An account from that time says: "Everyone was terrified and deeply moved by the appearance of both the mother and women of the family - who with loose hair, tearing their cheeks with their nails and thumping their chests filled the environment with lamentations and screams which resounded through the streets.

"Above all the mother shouted first at the daughter, then at the Demon, asking him to cast all the misfortune upon her. Then she turned to the people, particularly to the mothers, asking them to kneel down with her and beg God for help, which they all did immediately.

"Oh Holy God!" Soon afterwards, the daughter fell on her mother from the air and comforted the half dead woman with a happy look: 'Stop being afraid mother! Stop crying for here is your daughter, do not fear the phantom of the Devil, I beg you... do you really believe that I was tortured and humiliated? Instead I am filled with a delicious and indescribable sweetness... Because as ever the protector of all distressed people was on my side helping me and talking to me in order to give me courage and constancy, this way - he told me – you attain heaven.'

"These words filled the people present with both joy and astonishment and they left the marketplace consoled. But no sooner had the family returned home than the Devil burst in once again and violently throwing himself onto the girl, seized her hair, put out the lights and candles, turned over boxes and drawers as well as furniture and when her father turned the lights on, the daughter threw herself onto the crucifix and cried out with a heart breaking voice: 'Oh Lord, let the ground swallow me up before abandoning me, I beg of you earnestly to strengthen and free me.'

"And speaking like that she burst into tears. This made the Devil even more furious, he wrenched first her blouse, then her woollen dress and finally the silk petticoat that it was customary for young girls to wear at that time. The Devil rent everything, and when she was almost naked he began to pull her hair.

"She shouted: 'Father bring me a dress, cover my nudity. Holy Virgin help me!'

Finally, after the Devil had made her an object of further cruelties, they managed to liberate her from his power by making a pilgrimage and by having a priest perform an exorcism upon her."

Enough of this interesting account by Waldemar. It is clear that the sadistic Demon that tormented the poor girl was undoubtedly the Juggler Devil, a strong demon Ego from the young girl that took shape in her sexual energy, that is all.

The amount of ideo-plastic sexual appearances which are manifest especially during the years of puberty are usually tremendous. It is then that we create terrifying Egos capable of producing sensational phenomena.

The rage of not being able to love or the fact of feeling cheated by someone is undoubtedly a real hell and brings about all those dreadful sexual fluid emanations, which are capable of becoming the Juggler Devil.

CHAPTER 4

THE ESOTERIC SPEAR

The Christic esoteric Spear of the Holy Grail and the pagan Lance of magic pacts, displayed by Wotan, is the same blessed Pike sacred to all the people from remote antiquity.

Whether in fact it is because of the Phallic and symbolic character of virile sexual power or whether because it is the archaic weapon of combat which man could imagine at the beginning of life, the fact is that, the Roman Spear was, as known, something similar to the scales of Justice which preceded all legal transactions of the primitive quiritary law or of the spear (KYRIE), and especially weddings of those who held Roman citizenship - which was, incidentally, very highly valued.

Roman matrons, who were under the protection of the blessed Goddess JUNO, were wisely called CURIAS (CAURETES or KYRIAS, from which comes VALKYRIES), due to CURES or TOWER, city of the Sabines which was founded by Medio Fidius and Himella, its ineffable Gods. And it is for this reason that the Leaders and other men of the Roman Curias, distinguished as heroes during war, used to be awarded a small iron spear named HASTAPURA (pure spear), the name that reminds us of course of the city of HASTINAPURA, divine symbol of the Celestial Jerusalem.

"Matronae in tutela Junonis Curetis essent, quae ita vocabatur ab hasta ferenda quae sabinorum lingua curis dicebatur..."

"Nec tibi, quae cupidac natura videbere matri, comat virgineas hasta recurba comas." (Ovid *Fasti* 2)

"Hasta pura dicitur, quae fine ferro est, et signum est pacis. Hac donabantur militis, qui in bello fortiter fecissent". (Suetonius)

"Translate hastae dicuntur argumenta oratoria." (Cicero *Orator* I.i.57)

"Deos in hastario vectigales habetis." (Tertullian *Apologetica* 13)

"Ponitur etiam pro auctione incunto, quia autio cum effert hasta erigebatur." (Calepinus *Hasta*)

It is obvious that the tablets or stones of Law, upon which the prophet Moses wisely wrote the Ten Commandments by order of Jehovah, are nothing more than a double spear of Runes, about whose phallic meaning exists much documentation.

It is apt to emphasize the transcendental idea that two extra Commandments exist in the Esoteric Teaching of Moses.

I mean the eleventh and the twelfth Commandments which are closely related to the XI XII Arcanum of the Kabbala.

The first of these, the eleventh, has its classical expression in the Sanskrit DHARMA CHARA: "Do your duty".

Remember dear reader that it is your duty to look for the narrow and difficult path that leads to the light.

The Arcane XI of the Tarot enlightens this duty: The marvellous strength that can dominate

and hold down lions of adversity is essentially spiritual. For this reason it is represented by a beautiful woman who, without any visible effort, opens the terrible gullet of Leo with her beautiful hands, the terrifying puma, the furious lion.

The eleventh is related and interlaced with the twelfth commandment of the Law of God illustrated by the Arcane XII: "MAKE YOUR LIGHT SHINE."

For the light which constitutes the Essence which is bottled up within the Ego to really blaze and shine, it must be liberated. This is only possible through Buddhist Annihilation, dissolving the Ego.

We need to die from instant to instant, from moment to moment, only with the Death of the Ego comes the new.

In the same way that life represents a gradual process and always the most complete exteriorization, equally the death of the EGO is a gradual process of interiorization in which the individual Consciousness, the Essence, slowly strips off the useless vestments - similar to Ishtar in her symbolic descent - until it remains completely naked in itself faced with the Great Reality of free life in its movement.

The spear, sex and the phallus, play a great role in numerous oriental legends as the marvellous instrument of salvation and liberation, which wisely brandished by the longing soul can reduce to cosmic dust all those cavernous entities that as a sinful whole constitute

the "MYSELF". In the sacred land of the Vedas, SHIVA, the THIRD LOGOS (SEXUAL ENERGY) has been profoundly analyzed in its creative and destructive aspects...

It is perfectly clear and visible that the SEXUAL subjective aspects are fatally crystallized into those multiple entities which as a whole constitute that which is called SETH (the Ego) by the Egyptians.

The normal generative power of our sexual endocrine glands is obvious.

The objective creative power of Lord SHIVA is transcendental when he creates the Wedding Dress of the Soul, the TO SOMA HELIAKON - the golden body of Solar Man.

Sexual energy is highly explosive and marvellous. Truly I tell you that the one who knows how to use the weapon of Eros (the spear, sex) can reduce the pluralised Ego to cosmic dust.

Praying is talking to God and one should learn to pray during intercourse. At those moments of supreme bliss, ask and you shall be given, knock and it shall be opened...

Whoever wholeheartedly implores and begs their Divine Mother Kundalini to take up the weapon of Eros, will obtain the best results because she will then help to destroy the Ego.

However, I tell you that it is a long, patient and very delicate process.

There is no doubt that the hunter who wants to hunt ten hares at the same time, hunts nothing.

So whoever wants to eliminate all psychological defects at the same time, eliminates none.

There are thousands of defects within each of us and all of them have many roots and aspects which are hidden amongst the many different subconscious folds of the mind. Each one of those psychological defects has an animal shape. Within such submerged creatures the ESSENCE, the CONSCIOUSNESS, is imprisoned.

A prior condition to all elimination is the full understanding of the defect which we want to eliminate.

Implore if you are sure of having understood and withdraw from coitus without spilling the semen.

Having made a transcendental synthesis of much long and hard work, we would say: First the Essence has to be liberated so that the light may shine inside us; then it has to be fused with

ATMAN (the Being), to liberate ourselves from the mind; afterwards it has to be given to the ANCIENT MAN OF THE DAYS (the Father that is in secret, the Monad), to become perfect and resurrected Masters. Finally the Essence has to be definitely absorbed in ISHVARA, the LOGOS, first emanation of the supreme PARABRAHAMAN (the great Ocean of the Universal Spirit of Life).

We conclude this chapter with the following account: A long time ago, before I had reduced the Ego to cosmic dust, I made a formidable magic invocation. I called a certain Great Master saying: "Come! Come! Come! Prophet of Ra - Jor - Ku, come to me! It wants fulfilling! It wants fulfilling! It wants fulfilling! AUM... AUM... AUM... (vocalising this last word as follows: opening the mouth with the A, rounding the U and closing it with the M.)

It is not superfluous to say that the environment was saturated with infinite harmony, charged with "Od"...

The result of the invocation was immediate and the Great Prophet came towards me.

The KABIR adopted a formidable symbolic figure that I could see, hear, touch and feel, in the presence of my Cosmic Being.

The Venerable Master seemed divided in two halves, from the waist upward he shone gloriously - his forehead was as high as the unconquered walls of Celestial Jerusalem, his hair like white wool falling down to his immaculate shoulders, his nose as straight as a God's nose, his eyes deep and searching, his beard as beautiful as the Ancient Man of the Days, his hands like golden rings mounted with hyacinths, his lips like lilies exuded fragrant myrrh...

However, when I looked at the lower part of his body, from the waist downward, I saw something unusual; horrifying bestial shapes, personifying defects, red demons, Ego-Devils, within which the consciousness is bottled up.

I have called you to ask for illumination. That was my supplication! It is obvious that his form of presentation was the answer.

The Old Man put his right hand on my head and said to me: "Call me every time you need me and I will give you illumination..." Then he blessed me and left.

I understood everything with unlimited happiness. It is only by eliminating with the spear the animal-like creatures which we all have within and in which the Consciousness sleeps, that illumination comes.

CHAPTER 5

THE LASCIVIOUS EGO

Brognoli explains in a very instructive way the extent to which the force of the formation of Devil-Egos can reach what is called the ideo-plastic, which means the excited sexual representation of the sexual organ.

"Having stayed in Venice in 1664, a Vicar-General of a Bishopric from the continent came to ask me for advice about the following matter:"

In a convent, there was a nun who was inclined to voluntary fasting and abstinence. Apart from that, she enjoyed reading profane books about transformations like the ones performed by Circe and other enchantresses, as well as by ancient Divinities who transformed human beings into animals, birds, serpents and spirits.

One night the image of an extraordinarily beautiful young man appeared to her and while contemplating him in astonishment, he said: "Do not be afraid my dear sister".

"Are you not the nun that loves fasting above all? Have you not given yourself whole heartedly to it?"

"Well you must know that I am the Angel called Fasting and I come to you to thank you and correspond with equal love to yours.

"Before, I was the son of a king. During the years of my youth, in the years you find yourself now, I loved and gave myself up entirely to fasting, though my father became very upset and told me off.

"But I, paying no attention to any of his warnings, kept doing things at will, until one day, in anger, he expelled me from the palace. But the Gods that I venerated condemned such repudiation, received and transformed me into an Angel, giving me the name of Fasting. I was also given the faculty of adopting the form of a young man, as you see me now, and the gift of never growing old.

"I am also gifted with such mobility that in no time at all I can transfer myself invisibly from one part of the world to another, only revealing myself to those who love me.

"Thus, having been told by the Gods that you have given me all your love, I came to you to express my gratitude and to remain with you and serve you in any way you please.

"For this reason I have travelled all this way, let me then, sleep in your bed tonight, if you please. Do not be afraid of my company since I am a friend of chastity and modesty."

The nun, greatly pleased and seduced by this speech, accepted the Angel into her bed. The first night everything was fine, he did not move. However the second night, he began to hug and kiss her as a sign of gratitude and love. Never leaving her day or night, he admonished her never to tell her secret to her confessor or anyone else.

He served her with great fervour and diligence and followed her everywhere. Finally in the year 1664, approaching Jubilee Day, the nun suddenly felt very guilty and told everything to her confessor who advised her to present the matter in confession to the Vicar-General of the Bishopric, so that he could provide whatever was necessary in the purpose of liberating her from the devil. Thus, he came to me seeking advice".

It is clear that the lascivious spirit Fasting was an EGO, so vividly projected by the nun, that it seemed a different person altogether.

Such an EGO had in fact been gestated in the lower abdomen of the nun before the unusual projection.

"The Magic Eye of the abdomen", charged with sexual substance is a formidable plastic intermediary. It is there where all repressed sexual desires (all unsatisfied desires), take shape.

CHAPTER 6

EROS

Doctor Rouband says the following: "As soon as a virile member penetrates the entrance, the *Glans Penis* rubs firstly against the Clitoris which is to be found at the entrance to the sexual canal and which, by means of its position and angle, can be yielding and pliable. "After the initial excitation of both sensitive centres, the *Glans Penis* glides over both lips of the vulva; *collum and corpus* of the Penis will be enveloped by the protuberant parts of the vulva. Once in, the *Glans Penis* advances further and comes into contact with the fine and delicate surface of vaginal mucous, which is elastic in response to the erected tissue which is found between the vaginal membranes.

"This elasticity, which allows the vagina to adapt to the volume of the Penis, increases still more the dilation and therefore the sensitivity of the Clitoris, meanwhile it conveys blood which is expelled from blood vessels in the vaginal walls to the Clitoris and vulva.

"Again, dilation and sensitivity of the *Glans Penis* are increased by compressive action from vaginal tissue, which each time becomes more swollen, and by the inner labia at the entrance.

"Moreover, the Clitoris is pressed downwards by the anterior part of the COMPRESSOR MUSCLE and encounters the dorsal surface of the *Glans* and of the *Penis*, against which they rub in such a way that every movement affects intercourse in both sexes. Finally the voluptuous sensations (of the God Eros) are added leading to that elevated orgasmic stage which on the one hand provokes ejaculation and on the other places the seminal fluid in the depression in front of the cervix.

"When one thinks of the influence that temperament, constitution or other circumstance, whether special or everyday, have on sexual faculty, one is convinced that so far the question of the difference in sensations of pleasure between both sexes, hasn't been solved. One is even convinced that such a question, involving such diverse conditions, is insoluble. This is so true that it even presents difficulties in trying to trace a complete picture of general manifestations in coitus; whereas in one person the sensation of pleasure felt is a hardly perceptible vibration, in another it reaches the highest point of exaltation, both moral and physical.

"Between both extremes there are countless transitions: the acceleration of blood circulation, vivid arterial palpitations, blood being retained in the veins by muscular contraction, increasing general body temperature. This blockage of venal blood is still more pronounced in the brain due to contraction of the neck muscles and the backward inclination of the head, it causes momentary cerebral congestion during which some people lose their sense of reason and all intellectual faculties.

"The eyes become bloodshot from the rush of blood from the conjunctiva, they become fixed and have a blank look, or as in the majority of cases, they are shut tight in order to avoid the light." (This is something that is well documented).

"Some people become breathless, respiration is intermittent and interrupted in others due to the spasmodic contraction of the larynx while air, having been retained for some time, finally seeks a way out, mingled with disjointed and incomprehensible words.

"As I have mentioned, congested nerve centres produce only confused impulses.

"Movement and sensation show indescribable disorder; the limbs are caught in convulsion, at times they experience cramp also; they move in all directions or contract and become numb like iron bars. The jaws tighten until the teeth grind, some reach so far in their erotic delirium that they completely forget their partner, biting the other's shoulders until they draw blood in these spasms of pleasure.

"This frenzied state, this epilepsy and delirium of Eros usually lasts only a short time, but long enough to completely exhaust the organic energy of the intellectual animal for whom Sexual Magic is unknown. For him, such hyper-excitation has to conclude with a more or less abundant loss of sperm, while for the woman, no matter how energetically she participates in the sexual act, she suffers only a passing lassitude which permits her to recuperate more rapidly and hence repeat coitus."

Galeno said - "Triste est omne animal post coitum, praeter mulierem gallamque." With respect to the male sex, this axiom is essentially exact.

In love, neither sorrow nor happiness are important save only that which is called love...

Whilst free love binds, it is slain by separation because Eros is that which really unites.

Love kindles love, as fire lights fire. However, from where does the first flame come? From within you it springs beneath the dominance of sorrow... this you know.

Then... Oh Gods!... When the hidden fire emerges blazing, what is within and what is without become one, and all barriers collapse into ashes.

Love begins with a glimmer of affection, is substantiated by the power of tenderness and synthesized in adoration.

A perfect marriage is the union of two beings, one who loves the more, the other who loves the better...

Love is the best attainable religion. To love? How beautiful it is to love! Only the simple and pure Souls know how to love. Love is nourished with love. Arouse the flame of the spirit with the power of EROS.

Since the bond of the sexes can be equivalent to an act of creation, connecting to the potency and splendour of the first day, Luther designates the sexual organs as the ***bonestissimae et praeantissimae partes corporis***. Due to sin the most useful and honest members were transformed into the most shameful.

Mohammed said: "Coitus is an act pleasing even unto religion if, whenever it is carried out, it is with an invocation to Allah and with one's own woman for reproduction." (Or better still for Sexual Transmutation.)

The KORAN says: "Go and take for a wife a maiden whom you caress and who caresses you, do not begin coitus without previously arousing yourselves with caresses."

The prophet emphasizes thus: "Your wives are for you like arable land. Go to them as you please but beforehand perform an act of devotion. Fear God and do not forget that one day you will be in his presence."

The author of EL-KTAH, a highly respected work in the Arab world, continually glorifies coitus. For him this is "the most magnificent and sacred hymn of praise, the noblest desire of man and his female companion after primitive union and paradisiacal delights."

This famous Theologian frequently emphasized the Divine and sublime character of the carnal act. Furthermore, he takes a decisive position against the vulgar and profane populace who only satisfy bestial voluptuousness.

"Those," he says, "have neither understood nor seen that Love is the *Fiat Lux* of the Book of Moses; the Divine mandate, the Law for all continents, seas, worlds and space."

And in his subsequent explanation, the author of EL-KTAH reveals a primitive esoteric science, in which, the physical union of a man and a woman is deep down a supernatural act, a reminiscence of paradise, the most beautiful of all the hymns of praise directed by the creature to the Creator; it is the Alpha and the Omega of all creation.

Sheikh Nefrani puts these words into the mouth of a sage: "Woman resembles a fruit whose aroma is first inhaled when she is taken by the hand. If, for example, the herb basil is not warmed in the hand, its scent is not apparent; amber gives off its fragrance only when warmed. This is well known. Likewise with a woman, when you want to excel in the act of loving, first you must warm her heart with all the preliminaries to the art of love; with kisses, embraces and gentle nibbling. If this is neglected, you will not be given complete enjoyment, and all the enchantment of love will remain hidden for you."

In an extremely wise treatise on Chinese medicine I have read the following: "Taoism has other influences on medicine, as lies proven in the compilation of Taoist treatises the Sing- Ming-Kuei-Chen, from circa 1622.

"Three regions in the human body are recognised. The superior or cephalic region, is the origin of the spirits which live in the body. "The pillow of Jade (Yu-Chen) is found in the lower part of this region, at the back of the head. The so called "pillow bone" is the Occiput (Chen-Ku). "The palace of Ni- Huan (this term derives from the Sanskrit word Nirvana), is to be found in the brain - known also as the "sea of the bone marrow" (Suei-Hai), the origin of seminal substances.

"The middle region is the vertebral column, considered not as a functional shaft but as a channel which joins the cerebral cavities with the genital centres; it terminates at a point called "the celestial column" (Tien Chu), situated at the back of the neck, at the hair line. This point should not be confused with the acupuncture point of the same name.

"The lower region includes the region of cinnabar (Tum-Tien), which we shall deal with later on. In this location, genital activity is represented by the two kidneys, the fire of the tiger

(Yang) on the left and the fire of the Dragon (Ying) on the right.

"Sexual union is symbolized by a couple: a young man leads a white tiger and a young woman rides upon a green dragon; lead (masculine element) and mercury (feminine element) are about to be combined. As soon as they are united, the young couple cast their essence into a bronze cauldron, the symbol of sexual activity. However, the genital fluids, particularly the sperm (Tsing), are neither eliminated nor lost but can return to the brain via the vertebral column, by the grace of which the course of life is recouped.

"The basis of these Taoist sexual practices is *coitus reservatus*, whereby the sperm which has to descend from the brain as far as the prostatic region (but which has not been ejaculated), returns to its origin; this is designated as the return of substance (Huan-Tsing).

"Whatever might be the objections formulated in the face of the truth of this return, it is no less certain that the Taoists understood the cerebral dominion over the elemental instincts, which maintains the level of genetic excitation below the threshold of ejaculation. They gave a new manner to the sexual act and a distinct purpose to fertilization."

The esoteric VIPARITAKARANI teaches scientifically how the Hindu Yogi, instead of ejaculating his semen, makes it rise slowly, through concentration. Thereby a sexually united man and woman can eliminate the animal Ego.

The ancient Greeks knew precisely the essential relationship between Death and the Sexual act; in Eros they represented the Genie of Death, the God holding an inverted torch in his hand was the bearer of Death.

Since the most profound and primitive force in all men is sexual, it is considered by the Tantras to be the cosmogonic Eros, the igneous serpent of our magic powers.

Contrary to violating our innermost essence, by being involved in brutal lustfulness or becoming organically numb in a spasm which lasts for only a few seconds, the practitioner takes on the power of his personal Divine Mother Kundalini, fusing with her into one unity and eliminating an Ego, that is to say, this or that psychological defect which has previously been understood in depth.

Only with death comes the new. In this way Eros, with his inverted torch, reduces to cosmic dust all the aggregate Psyches, which together constitute the EGO.

The Mantra or magic word which symbolizes all the work of Sexual Magic is KRIM.

This Mantra should be used with great imagination which works directly upon Eros. At the same time Eros acts upon the imagination, breathing energy into it and transforming it into a magical force.

In order to make contact with the movable universal power, the practicing student perceives diverse images. However, before all this, his Adored Divine Mother is revealed with the sacred lance in her right hand, in furious combat with that Devil-Ego which personifies the psychological defect which we wish to destroy.

The practicing student, whilst chanting his Mantra KRIM, focuses his imagination, his translucence, on the fire element in such a way that he feels himself to be like an ardent flame, a unique flame; like a terrible blaze which incinerates the Devil-Ego, which characterizes the psychological defect he wants to annihilate.

The extreme sensitivity of the sexual organs always announces the proximity of a spasm; therefore we should withdraw in time to avoid ejaculation of the semen.

Continuing the work, the man lying on his back on the floor and the woman in bed, entreat the Divine Mother Kundalini, they plead with simple phrases from a sincere heart for her to eliminate, with the lance of Eros (the Sexual force), the EGO which personifies the error which we have really understood and long for reducing it to cosmic dust.

Finally, water in a clean crystal glass should be blessed and drunk giving thanks to the Divine Mother.

This complete ritual of PANCATATWA liberates the hero from every sin: nothing sinister can resist him; terrestrial and super-terrestrial powers are subordinated to him; and he walks the earth with an awakened Consciousness.

Feared by all Demons, he lives as a Lord of Salvation in complete blessedness escaping the law of rebirth because through long and awesome work with Sexual Magic he has harnessed the formidable electrical power of Eros, not for the bestial kind of satisfaction, but to reduce the PLURALIZED EGO to dust.

CHAPTER 7

LUSTFUL EGOS

It should not be surprising that because of the excessive limitations imposed by the Catholic Church on the moral life of the people through multiple prohibitions during the now disappeared age of Pisces that Satan, as the living incarnation of the most bestial appetites, occupied in a peculiar manner the fantasies of those people who were restrained from free relationships with other human beings, believing in the obligation of a virtuous life.

Therefore and in accordance with the law of opposites, the instinctive energies or impulse that were suppressed within the everyday mind eventually emerged in the subconscious to a greater or lesser degree depending on their intensity.

This tremendous desire for action increased the sexual libido in such a way that in many places, abominable carnal trade with the culprit took place.

The sage Waldemar writes, "In Hessimont the nuns were visited - as is related by Wyer the royal doctor of Clewe - by a Demon that hurled itself like a whirlwind through the dormitory at night, and as suddenly calmed down and played the zither so wonderfully that the nuns were tempted to dance.

"Then in the form of a dog, it used to jump onto the bed of one of them, who was therefore believed to have called up the devil." Miraculously, it did not cross the minds of the nuns to present the case to the Inquisition.

There is no doubt that this Demon, transformed as it was into an ardent, fiery dog, was a lustful Ego that after having played the zither used to lose itself in the body of its owner that laid in the bed.

The poor nun, with her ancestral sexual passions which were compulsorily restrained, how much she had to suffer!

The sexual power of that unfortunate nun was amazing! Instead of creating Demons in the nunnery, she could have eliminated the submerged beasts with the spear of Eros, if she had followed the path of Perfect Matrimony.

The royal doctor, Wyer, later describes a case that shows the "erotomania" of the nuns of Nazareth, in Cologne:

"For many years these nuns had been assailed by all kinds of diabolical plagues. In 1564 a particularly appalling scene took place. The nuns were thrown to the ground, in the posture of the carnal act keeping their eyes closed throughout the time that they remained like that."

(The closed eyes reliably indicate the sexual act with a Demon; in other words, selfcopulation with the lustful Ego projected onto the exterior by the subconscious.)

"A fourteen year old girl," says Wyer, "who was secluded in the cloister was the one who first gave an indication of the matter.

"She had often experienced rare phenomena in bed, giving herself away with her muffled giggles, and though she tried to keep the imp away with a blessed stole, he came back every night.

"It was decided that a nun should share the bed with her so as to help her defend herself, but the poor woman was terrified as soon as she heard the noise of the struggle.

"Finally, the young girl became completely possessed and was pitifully attacked by spasms.

"When under attack, she apparently became deprived of sight and although she seemed to have hold of her senses and appeared well, she pronounced strange, uncertain words that indicated her desperation.

"I investigated this phenomenon in my capacity as doctor of the cloister on 25th May 1565 in front of the noble and discreet H. H. Constantine Von Lyskerken, honourable adviser and the teacher John Alternau, former dean of Clewe. The teacher John Esht, well known doctor of medicine, and finally my son, similarly a doctor in pharmacology and philosophy were also present.

"I read, on this occasion, terrible letters that the girl had written to her suitor. None of us doubted for a minute that they had been written by the possessed girl during her attacks.

"It was understood that the origin of the matter lay with some young men who had been playing ball in the immediate surroundings and had established amorous relationships with a number of the nuns, later scaling the walls to enjoy their loved ones.

"Once this had been discovered, the way was blocked. But then the Devil, the juggler, tricked the fantasy of the poor nuns by assuming the form of their friends (becoming a new lustful Ego) and made them enact that awful comedy before everyone's eyes.

"I wrote letters to the convent, in which I exposed everything and prescribed suitable and christian remedies so that they could resolve the unfortunate affair.

"Here the Juggler Devil was nothing more than a particularly exacerbated sexual energy, which from the minute it was not occupied with the dealings of the young men, assumed their form in the fantasy in such a vivid way that the apparent reality that the act possessed, precisely perhaps because of the nun's isolation, produced the most intense forms in respect of yearning for the opposite sex. These forms evocatively seduced the interior eye of the unleashed instinct which, to explain, had to carry the can for the Devil."

CHAPTER 8

THE EGO OF SORCERY

The wise author of the book *Specimen of British writers*, Barnett, presents an extraordinary case of Sorcery:

"Fifty years ago there was an old woman who lived in a village in the county of Somerset and who was generally considered to be a witch.

"Her body was withered and bent over with age, and she walked on crutches.

"Her voice was hollow and mysterious but feigned solemnity. A penetrating gleam sprang from her eyes and silenced, from fear, the people upon whom she gazed.

"Unexpectedly a young and healthy man of about twenty one years old and from the same locality, began to have persistent nightmares that affected his health. Within three or four months he became pale, weak and thin, with all the symptoms of a life that was about to drain away.

"Neither he nor his family and friends doubted the cause and after holding consultation, he decided to keep watch for the witch.

"The following night, at about half past eleven, he noticed some soft, stealthy steps on the stairs.

"Once the frightening being had arrived in the room, she went to the foot of the bed, climbed upon it and slowly pulled herself towards the young man.

"He allowed her to reach his knees and then seized her hair with both hands, holding her with convulsive strength. At the same time he called his mother who slept in the next room, to bring a light.

"Whilst the mother went to look for a light, the young man and the unknown being were struggling in the darkness; both of them rolling violently about on the floor. When the first glimmer of light appeared on the stairs, the woman broke loose from him with supernatural strength and disappeared, in a flash, from his sight.

"The mother found her son standing, still panting due to his efforts, and holding a bunch of hair in his hands.

"When this phenomenon was related to me," says Barnett, "I asked the young man out of curiosity from where he had got the hair." The answer was, 'It was clumsy of me not to have managed to keep hold of her; it would have better proved the identity of the person.

'However, during the whirl of sensations I made her fall to the floor, and the witch, whose hair I still had hold of, was very careful not to appear in my sight again nor to come to trouble me at night anymore because she received a very good thrashing.

'It was strange,' he added, 'that whilst I had hold and was struggling with her, although I knew who she was, her breathing and her whole body seemed to be that of a young girl.'

"The man who experienced this occurrence is still alive; he has recounted this episode to me more than once, besides, I can certify to the authenticity of the matter, believe what you like."

Commenting on this case the wise Waldemar says: "This account contains two important points: Firstly, the young man knew for sure that his nightmare was caused by the witch who lived locally. He knew this witch from brief encounters during the day and at night in her astral visits.

"Secondly the witch bent over as she was by age and supported by crutches transformed herself over several months into the image of a sprightly young girl, whilst he was getting weaker and wasting away. Where could the cause for the evident rejuvenation of the old woman lie?

"To answer this question," continues Waldemar, "we must keep in view the mechanism of the Eidolon, the double.

"The aura that surrounds and envelopes human beings also represents an accurate reflection of the body in such a way that its defects and weaknesses can be found to correspond exactly.

The "double body" presents, so to speak, increased evidence, which, for example, can often be seen in seriously wounded people who, years after a limb has been amputated, can feel intense pain as though that limb still existed.

"This invulnerable completeness of the double body is founded in the "creator principle", in that the form given by Nature, the intrinsicality of each being, is contained in a kind of primary germ.

"In this, as in the acorn in which is contained the structure of a complete tree, is concealed the living image of its being.

"Through many false actions and deviations the vibrant astral tissue which is connected to the primitive body, reflects itself during the course of life."

"In relation to "primitive bodies" we would like to point out that professor Hans Spemann of the University of Edinburgh received the Nobel Prize for Medicine and Psychology in transcendental studies for verification of the existence of an active sculptor of life, a "chemical ideo-plastic" that forms the protoplasm according to a predetermined image during the first stages of embryonic development.

"From the results of Spemann's studies, Professor Oscar E. Shotte of Yale University managed to demonstrate through experiments with salamanders that the sculptor of life does not disappear in any way during embryonic development, as Spemann had thought, but is present throughout the whole life of the individual.

"A small piece of tissue from any normal wound of a man and grafted onto living, virgin ground could completely reconstruct an identical creature to the wounded man in question. Maybe laboratory experiments in cloning could one day, in unsuspected proportion, reproduce the results of Professor Shotte.

It is obvious that the abominable harpy of this gory story could through some method of suction or vampirism absorb the vitality of the young man and transplant it within her own "primitive body" in a way unknown to common people. Only in this way can the unusual rejuvenation of the old woman's body be scientifically explained.

Unquestionably the "chemical ideo-plastic" once impregnated by the vitality of the young man, managed to reconstruct the invalid organism of the old woman. Whilst the youth's life amazingly wore out, the fatal old woman with her sinister witch's sabbath, was regaining her lost youth.

Clearly the young man could have captured her if he had not made the mistake of seizing her by the hair ; it would have been better to grasp her waist or arms.

Many of these abysmal harpies taken by surprise, have been captured by other procedures.

Some ancient traditions say: "If you put a pair of steel scissors on the ground in the shape of a cross and scatter black mustard around this metallic instrument, any witch can be trapped."

It is astonishing that some illustrious occultists ignore that these witches can elude the law of universal gravity!

Although the notion may be unusual, we emphasize the idea that it is possible to transpose the physical body to the fourth dimension.

It is not at all strange that these harpies having entered the unknown dimension with their physical bodies, can levitate and travel within seconds to any place in the world.

Certainly they have secret formulas with which to escape from the three dimensional world of Euclid. In strictly occult terms we can label these sinister creatures as black "JINAS".

The human organism certainly offers amazing possibilities. Remember, dear readers, the execrable Celenus and his foul harpies; monsters with the necks and heads of women.

Horrible kinds of bird from the Strofadas Islands encountered in the Ionian Sea.

They have long claws and their faces are always pale with hunger. Terrible furies that used to be beautiful young women and now ruin everything they touch.

The principal capital of these abominations is in Salamanca, Spain.

The famous Klingsor castle lies there - that hall of sorcery - Sanctuary of darkness suitably mentioned by Richard Wagner in his Parsifal.

God and Holy Virgin Mary bless us! If people were told this, they would search for Klingsor castle through all the old streets of Salamanca.

However it is well known by Gods and humans that the castle of the black Grail is to be found in the land of "Jinas", the unknown Dimension.

On Tuesdays and Saturdays at midnight, is the reunion of these HAGS with their DRONES to celebrate their orgies.

When one of these harpies becomes trapped, they get a good hiding, thrashing or beating because poor people, they do not yet know how to return good for evil.

It is necessary to be understanding, instead of getting stuck in the mire of infamy, we should surpass these harpies with love, bravely confront the problem and admonish with wisdom.

"Do not judge or you too will be judged. For in the same way you judge others, you will be judged, and with the measure you use, it will be measured to you."

"Why do you look at the speck of sawdust in your brother's eye and pay no attention to the plank in your own eye?

"How can you say to your brother: 'Let me take the speck out of your eye' when all the time there is a plank in your own eye?

"You hypocrite!, first take the plank out of your own eye, and then you will see clearly to remove the speck from your brother's eye.

"He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone..."

However incredible it seems; it is as well to know that many honourable and religious people carry the Ego of Sorcery within them.

In other words we can say that honest and sincere people know nothing about occultism, esotericism, etc. in their present existence; nevertheless they carry within them the Ego of Sorcery. It is obvious that this EGO can travel through time and space to cause harm to others.

Any fleeting interest in sorcery in whatever past life could have created such an Ego.

This means that there are many people in the world who without knowing, unconsciously practice sorcery.

In truth, I say, that there are many devotees of the Path who also carry within them the EGO of Sorcery.

We conclude this present chapter by saying: "All human beings, although they are upon the Path of Edge of the Razor, are more or less black inwardly as long as they have not eliminated the PLURALIZED EGO."

CHAPTER 9

THE SEXUAL PAROXYSM

With the Sahaja Maithuna (Sexual Magic), as practiced in schools of White Tantrism, the willpower increases infinitely through the unleashing and omnipotent actualization of subtle nervous currents.

We need to enquire, research and investigate the delicious paroxysm of sexual union as it is not just a reflection of the Tamas, according to the Tantra.

During the paroxysm of joy, we should directly discover the cosmic and creative synthesis of SHIVA (Holy Spirit) and SHAKTI (His Divine Wife Kundalini).

Whilst the ordinary intellectual animal is fatally defeated by abominable lustfulness and gets carried away by passionate affection, in other words, suffers during enjoyment for the vile completion of pleasure, the Gnostic esoterist, during coitus and in full ecstasy, victoriously enters the region of the Monads in the splendid world of TATWA-ANUPADAKA.

In the preceding level to that world of ANUPADAKA lies the extraordinary principle of the power which is the domain of space, time and causality and is called AKASHA TATWA, (Dwelling of ATMAN - BUDDHI - MANAS).

It is written in golden words in the great book of all splendours that sexual Paroxysm is PROTO-TATWIC.

An interplay of extraordinary vibrations begin during the MAITHUNA with the Tatwa of Gold, Phrithvi, the magnificent ether of the perfumed earth keeping exact harmony with our physical body.

The harp continues, in its delicious vibrations, trembling the waters of universal life (Apas), the ENS SEMINIS.

The breath (Vayu) ostensibly alters and in the subtle atmosphere of the world the lyre of Orpheus resounds.

The sacred Flame (Tejas) is ignited in the mysterious candlestick of the spine.

Now... Oh Gods! The knight (Manas Superior) and his Lady (Buddhi) ardently embrace each other in the region of pure AKASHA, trembling with sexual paroxysm.

However, it is clear and obvious that AKASHA is only a bridge of wonders and prodigies between the TATWAS Phrithvi (Earth) and ANUPADAKA (the World of Splendours).

Sexual Paroxysm crosses the bridge of joy and enters the world of Aziluth - the region of ANUPADAKA, the dwelling of SHIVA and SHAKTI - then HE and SHE shine gloriously, raptured with love.

Women, hearken to me: "SHAKTI must be lived regally during intercourse as MAYASHAKTI (Woman - Eve - Goddess). Only this way can the success of the consubstantiation of love be achieved in the Psycho-physiologic realism of your nature.

Gnostic man should personify SHIVA (The Holy Spirit) during the SAHAJA MAITHUNA (Sexual Magic), he should feel flooded with this marvellous strength from the Third Logos.

Kalianamella repeatedly refers to the fact that the fulfilment of the code of love is much more difficult than the layman imagines.

The preparatory enjoyments are by themselves complicated. This art has to be used in exact accordance with the precepts to bring about the arousal of a woman's passion in the

same way that a fire is brought to life and for her Yoni to become softer, more elastic and suitable for the act of love.

ANANGARANGA confers great importance to both components of the couple not allowing any cooling down in their everyday life nor weariness or satiety in their relations; accomplishing the consummation of love with concentration and total surrender. The method of intercourse, that is to say, its position as described is called ASANA.

For those readers of an appropriate age we describe in this present chapter the position called TIRYAK.

The TIRYAK position has three subdivisions, in which the woman always lies on her side.

- a) The man positions himself alongside and facing the woman, taking one of her legs and placing it on his waist. Only with a fully developed woman can this posture be completely satisfied, which should not be attempted with young women.
- b) The man and woman lie on their sides and she should not move at all.
- c) Lying on his side, the man moves between the woman's thighs in such a way that one of her thighs is under him and the other on his waist.

It is useful to invoke KAMADEVI during the SAHAJA MAITHUNA in the "Forge of Cyclops."

KAMADEVI is the Hindu God of Love. His name literally means God of Desire and he is considered to be the son of the sky and desire.

Rati (Tenderness) is his wife, and Vasanta (the flowering Season) is his companion who constantly carries his quiver of arrows tipped with flowers.

KAMADEVI had a visible figure, but as he offended the Master of Creation, Hara, by his practices, the latter reduced him to cinders with a glare; the Gods then revived him by dropping nectar on the ashes, and since then he is called "Bodiless".

He is represented as riding on a parrot, his sugar-cane bow stretched by a string of bees. The earthly couple ADAM - EVE, through SAHAJA MAITHUNA (Sexual Magic) find their contact even more human and more pure in the divine elevated couple SHIVA - SHAKTI.

Homer has verified a description of the loving embrace of the Divine couple which is both delicate and magical.

"Below them the germinating earth produced florid verdure, Lotuses, succulent clover, hyacinths and crocus that compacted, swollen and tender from the soil as they rose, and there they lay hauling up the twinkling, golden clouds and the sparkling dew fell upon the ground."

Intoxicated by the wine of love, beautifully attired in the gown of transcendental spirituality and crowned with the flowers of happiness, we should take advantage of the tremendous vibration of Tattwa ANUPADAKA during sexual paroxysm, imploring the Igneous Serpent of our magical powers to eliminate from our interior nature the psychological defects that we have already profoundly understood in all regions of the subconscious. This is how we die from instant to instant and from moment to moment, only with death comes the new.

CHAPTER 10

SINISTER VISITORS

The wise Waldemar writes: "A contemporary of Brognoli, the priest Coleti, tells us about a woman of his parish who, with her husband, went to seek advice from him.

"She was a devout and respected woman, but she had been pursued relentlessly day and night for ten years by a spirit suggesting lewdness. Even when not asleep, it behaved like an incubus with her; in no way whatever was it a dream from which she was suffering.

"However, it was not successful in obtaining her consent and she remained unyielding. As such, the exorcist had to do no more than to read the *Praeceptum Leviticum* against the demon and she was freed of it.

"In this case" Waldemar continues, "we can see that when the Consciousness of someone haunted has gone to the extent of imagining being raped by a demon, that is to say, taken over against her will, this state can be overcome by the process of expelling the lascivious spirit by moral forces not yet tyrannized.

"However, if the incubus (the lascivious EGO), the lustful image created by that very same fantasy is strengthened to the end without opposition, the same individual will become the incubus carrying out, as both members of the pair, an act of SELF-COPULATION. In this case the obsession generally ends in complete dementia.

"In this way Brognoli, tried in vain to liberate a twenty year old girl from an incubus in the spring of 1643.

"I went - he said - with her confessor to her house. As soon as we entered, the demon who was devoting itself to its task, slipped away. I then questioned the girl and she recounted to me in full detail what the Demon had done to her.

"From her story I soon realised that although she denied it, she had nevertheless indirectly given her consent to the Demon. Because when she became aware of its proximity, by the dilation and tickling sensation of the affected parts of her body, she did not seek refuge in prayer, neither did she invoke God and the Holy Virgin, nor even her Guardian Angel to help. Instead she used to run to her room and lay down on her bed so that the devil could perform his task more comfortably and agreeably.

"In conclusion, when I tried to awaken in her a staunch confidence in God, in order to liberate her, she remained indifferent and without response. I noticed instead a certain resistance, as if she did not want to be liberated.

"I departed, after giving some advice to her parents about their daughter's disciplinary treatment and the body's suppression by fasting and ablutions.

"But it was not just women who had visitations like this," says wise Waldemar. "Brognoli was taken to a young merchant of about twenty two in Bergamo. He was weakened to the point of being just skin and bone due to the torment of a succubus.

"A few months previously, whilst lying in his bed, a Demon in the form of an extraordinarily beautiful girl with whom he had been in love, appeared before him.

"As he cried out in contemplation of the figure, she insisted on him keeping quiet, assuring him she really was the same girl and because her mother had beaten her, she had to run away from home to be with her beloved one.

"He knew that she was not his Theresa but a turbulent spirit. However, after talking and embracing, he took her to bed.

"Later the figure told him that in fact she was not the girl, but a Demon who desired him - one of his devilish Egos - that is why she joined with him day and night.

"This lasted some months until God, through Brognoli, liberated him. He did penance for his sins."

This amazing story demonstrates clearly and plainly SELF-COPULATION with an EGODEVIL that assumes the shape of a beloved woman.

Unquestionably, that young man and his ardent imagination and terrible lust had unconsciously used the ideo-plastic faculty to give subtle shape to his beloved.

It is in this way that a succubus EGO came into existence, a passionate Demon with long tresses and a one-track mind.

Obviously within that feminine Devil, a good part of his consciousness remained bottled up.

Referring to this matter, Paracelsus says in his book *De origine morborum invisibilium*, Lit. III: "Incubi and succubi are formed from the sperm of those who perform the imaginative antinatural act of masturbation (in thoughts and desires).

"And because it comes only from the imagination, it is not genuine sperm (material) but corrupt salt.

"Only semen that comes from an organ appointed by Nature for its development can bodily germinate.

"When sperm does not come from appropriate matter (nutritious substratum) it will produce nothing good, but will generate something useless.

"For this reason incubi and succubi which originate from corrupt semen are harmful and fruitless in accordance with the natural order of things.

"These germs which are formed in the imagination are given birth by AMORE HERESS, which signifies the type of love whereby a man imagines a woman, or vice-versa, in order to carry out copulation with the created image within the sphere of his mind.

"The expulsion of a fruitless, ethereal fluid results from this act, incapable of producing offspring but instead bringing larvae into existence.

"Such imagination gives birth to an exuberant shamelessness which, if proceeded with, can make a man impotent and a woman sterile, since during frequent practice of any such unhealthy imagination, much real creative energy is lost."

"The LARVAE EGOS of lasciviousness are real thinking autonomous entities within which a good percentage of Consciousness is imprisoned."

The larvae to which Paracelsus refers are nothing else than those cultivated forms of thought that owe their energy and existence solely to unnatural imagination.

CHAPTER 11

THE HEAD OF JOHN

The drums sounded and shouts sprang from the multitude. But the Tetrarch dominated all of the racket with his voice.

"Hear thee! Capernaum shall be yours! And the fertile plain of Tiberias! Half of my kingdom!"

Then she threw herself to the floor and suddenly with her heels rocking in the air she moved a few meters forward on her hands like a great beetle.

Next she jumped to her feet, now staring at Herod. Her lips were painted carmine, her eyebrows black and her eyes sparkled with a dangerous brilliance, from her forehead sprang titillating droplets.

Herod and Salome looked each other up and down until from the gallery Herodias clicked her fingers.

Salome then smiled displaying her white, strong teeth and whispered like a modest, shy maiden.

"I want... the head served on a tray - " she had forgotten the name; but smiling once again said clearly, "the head of John!"

Perhaps she was very angry with her loved one and so had him decapitated, but when she contemplated the beloved head upon the tray, she wept, went mad and perished in an erotic frenzy.

A horrifying inner struggle in the psyche of Salome. A spiteful Ego dragging other Egos down in his abominable decadence. A loathsome triumph for the Murderous Devil... terrible... horrible...

Herod feared the multitude because they considered John to be a prophet. Chapter 11 of the Gospel of Matthew, has John the Baptist as a true JINA, a celestial man, a demigod, superior to the prophets. Jesus himself says about him:

"A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet. For this is he, of whom it is written: 'Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.'

"Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he."

"And if ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come. He that has ears, let him hear."

These words of the Great Kabir Jesus link the two great Hebrew personages in one.

John the Baptist, decapitated by the lustful Salome, was in truth the living reincarnation of Elias, the Prophet of the Almighty.

At that time the Nazarenes were known as the Baptists, Sabians and Christians of Saint John; their mistake consisted of the absurd belief that the Kabir Jesus was not the Son of God, but simply a prophet who wanted to follow John.

Origins (vol. II page 150) observes that, "There are some people who say that John the Baptist was the Anointed, (Christ)."

When the concepts of the Gnostics, who saw in Jesus the Logos and the Anointed, began gaining ground, the early Christians left the Nazarenes, who unjustly accused the

Hierophant Jesus of perverting the Teachings of John and of changing for another the Baptism in the Jordan. (*Codex Nazarenius* II page 109)

Salome naked, intoxicated with wine and passion, with the innocent head of John the Baptist in her erotic arms, dancing in front of King Herod, shook the lands of Tiberias, Jerusalem, Galilee and Capernaum...

However, we should not be so outraged: Salome lies deeply within many women... You know this... and no male should presume himself perfect because in each one a Herod is concealed.

To kill, is obviously the most destructive and most corrupt act known on the planet Earth.

It is written in the book of all mysteries that you can not only kill with daggers, firearms, the gallows or poison. There are many that kill with a contemptuous look, with an ironic smile or laugh; with ingratitude; or libel or slander.

Truly I tell you that the world is full of uxoricides, matricides, patricides, fratricides, etc, etc, etc.

A lot of love and wise copulation with the one we love is necessary, if we truly want to reduce the Murderous Devil to cosmic dust by means of the omnipotent spear of Eros.

CHAPTER 12

THE END OF A FATAL TRIANGLE

Now we introduce a dreadful case which clearly demonstrates how crooked and sinister the EGO of jealousy can be during a husband's and wife's married life.

The horrible event occurred in 1180 in Provenza. News of it was widely spread until 1250 and eventually it passed into literature as something resembling an epic...

It happened that Guillermo Cabstaing, son of a poor knight of Cabstaing castle, arrived at the court of Senor Raimundo de Rosellon and after introducing himself asked if he would accept him as his squire. The Baron found him to be refined and gave his consent to his settling at court.

So Guillermo stayed, he behaved in such a courteous way that both high and low people liked him. He distinguished himself and Baron Raimundo assigned him to the service of his wife, lady Margarita, as a page. Now Guillermo tried even harder to be worthy in both word and deed, however it became an amorous matter, lady Margarita was aroused and fell in love with him.

The diligence of the page at her service, his conversation and his firmness pleased her so much, that one day she could not refrain from asking: "Tell me Guillermo, would you love a woman that showed signs of love for you?" Guillermo sincerely answered: "I certainly would, madam, provided that the signs were sincere."

"In the name of Saint John!" exclaimed the lady, "you answer like a perfect gentleman. But now I wish to see if you can discern or recognize the signs to be either truthful or merely to appear so."

Guillermo answered with these words: "Then, let it be as you wish, my lady."

He became thoughtful and instantly Love began to joust with him. The thoughts that Love sent him, pierced him through the heart and from that moment on he became its champion.

He began to compose beautiful verses, exquisite songs and poems, all of which pleased the one to whom he recited and sang them very much. However, Love which rewards its servants when pleased wished to reward Guillermo. Immediately, the lady began to crave desire and be so obsessed that neither during the day nor the night could she rest. In Guillermo she saw the sum total of the gifts of courage and heroic deeds.

So it happened one day that lady Margarita addressed Guillermo asking: "Do you know Guillermo what is or is not true about my appearance at this very moment?"

Guillermo answered: "Madam, as sure as God helps me, from the very moment that I became your squire, there is no other thought that I could harbour than you as the most truthful in words and appearance amongst all living beings. This I believe and will believe all my life."

The lady replied: "Guillermo, as God also helps me, I tell you that you will not be deceived by me and your thoughts will not be in vain."

And opening her arms she delicately kissed him, and they both sat down in the chamber and began to attend to their love...

However not much time passed before malevolent gossip, which must have reached the anger of God, about his love and about the songs that Guillermo composed started to

spread, mutterings that he had set his sights on lady Margarita. The gossips talked and talked, until the matter reached the master's ears.

Baron Raimundo was most aggrieved because he would lose a fellow rider, but even more because of his wife's dishonour. And one day when Guillermo accompanied by a squire had gone to hunt with a sparrow hawk, Raimundo with arms secreted about his person, rode until he found the page.

"Welcome, Sir", Guillermo greeted Raimundo as soon as he saw him and went over to meet him. "Why are you all alone?"

After beating about the bush Raimundo began: "Tell me for God's sake and Sainted Faith!

Have you a lover to whom you sing and who chains you with love?"

"Master," answered Guillermo, "how could I sing otherwise if love did not persuade me?

The truth is, Sir, that love has completely ensnared me in its trap."

"I should like to know, if you please, who is the lady in question."

"Ah, Sir, in God's name what are you asking of me! You know too well that the lady should never be mentioned."

But Raimundo kept on pressing him (because the Ego of jealousy was devouring him alive) until Guillermo said: "Sir, you should know that I love the sister of lady Margarita, your wife, and I hope to be requited (answered the Ego of deception), and now that you know I beg your support or at least do not prejudice my chances."

"Here you have my hand and my word," said Raimundo, "as a promise and oath that I will do everything in my power to help you."

"Let us then go to her castle which is nearby," Guillermo proposed.

And so they did, being properly welcomed by Senor Roberto de Tarascon, husband of the very same lady Ines, Raimundo conducted Ines to her chamber and both sat on the bed.

"Tell me, sister in law," Raimundo said, "by the loyalty which you owe me. Do you Love anyone?"

"Yes Sir," she answered (with her deceitful EGO).

"Whom?"

"Oh, I cannot say," she answered, "What are you asking me?"

But he kept pressing her for an answer so much that she had no other alternative but to confess her love for Guillermo. This was her response on seeing him so sad and suspicious, although she knew well that Guillermo loved her sister. Her answer brought Raimundo much happiness.

Ines told her husband everything. He considered that she had acted correctly and gave her complete liberty to say and do whatever she wished in order save Guillermo (the vile adulterer).

Ines continued being an accomplice to the crime. She took the page to her chamber to be alone with him and stayed in his company so long that Raimundo assumed in effect that they had been enjoying the sweetness of love.

This pleased Raimundo immensely and he began to think that whatever was rumoured about Guillermo was nothing but groundless gossip. Ines and Guillermo emerged from the chamber, supper was prepared and passed with much animation. (Such are the farces committed by the PLURALIZED EGO).

After supper, Ines arranged that the chambers of both guests be quite near hers, and

Guillermo and herself played their roles so well that Raimundo thought that the page was sleeping with the lady.

The following day and after farewell had been made, Raimundo left Guillermo as soon as he could. He went to his wife and told her what had taken place. In the face of such news, lady Margarita spent all night submerged in deep despair. The next day she called Guillermo to her and rudely received him, treating him like a false friend and traitor.

Guillermo begged for mercy as a man not guilty of whatever she was accusing him of and he related everything that had occurred to the letter. The lady requested her sister's presence and learned from her that Guillermo was telling the truth. At this, she ordered the page to compose a song that demonstrated love for no other woman except her. And he composed an epic poem that said: "The beautiful machinations that love often inspires..."

When Raimundo de Rosellon heard the poem that Guillermo had composed for his wife, he asked Guillermo to come and talk with him then, at a great distance from the castle, he killed him, putting the severed head in a hunting bag and wrenching out the heart.

He returned to the castle with the hunting bag, and asked that the heart be roasted and served to his wife at the table. She ate not knowing what she tasted.

When the meal was over, Raimundo rose and informed his wife that what she had eaten for lunch was Guillermo's heart and immediately afterwards he showed her the horrifying head.

He asked besides if the heart had tasted good, to which lady Margarita replied: "Actually it was so delicious that no other dish will take away the taste of Guillermo's heart."

Enraged with anger, Raimundo made desperate by the EGO of jealousy, threw himself onto her – the perverse adulteress - with his dagger unsheathed. Margarita escaped and flung herself from the balcony, smashing her head in the fall.

This was the catastrophic end to a fatal triangle wherein the EGOS of jealousy, adultery, deceit, farce, etc. impelled their actors up a blind alley.

Bless my soul and Holy Mary! Both the Divine and humans know well that the powerful Senor Raimundo de Rosellon became a murderer because of the demon of jealousy. It would have been better to serve his wife with divorce papers.

CHAPTER 13

THE RITUAL OF PANCATATWA

In the midst of the incessant crackle of omnipresent, all-penetrating, all-merciful, cosmic FOHAT (power of the Logos), terrifying, indescribable and unspeakable carnal temptations arise naturally in the same manner that the great Gnostic Patriarch St. Augustine had visions of a delightful, naked woman when on the cross.

It is written with characters of glowing fire in the book of splendours: "Real knowledge and wise identification with all the infinite possibilities of sex, should not signify for the wise a fall into the world of instincts and illusions, save that precisely such familiarization and profound knowledge will lead us to INNERMOST SELF REALIZATION.

The Initiate who intelligently seeks the extraordinary power of the eternal and creative principle in sexuality, passes from domination of the passive to domination of the active in a well understood action that dominates the sexual energies. The knower is obviously in the position to awaken the Consciousness through death of the animal Ego.

In the field of everyday life we have been able to verify to the point of satiation that those that put aside the question of sex to live the superior life of the heart, qualifying everything to do with eroticism as taboo, will sooner or later suddenly, without warning experience weariness and despair.

It is manifestly clear that then the most deeply submerged EGOS are discharged, those that previously seemed dormant and lifeless, abruptly enter into action and all the spiritual happiness achieved with such difficulty, becomes an infernal hesitation.

That sublime expectation of "Resting in the Divine" then seems as an unprepared fling and that which shone as endless harmony is turned into an abyss of vain pipe-dreams. For this reason, one who desires to achieve true liberation should never lull themselves into a false sense of security.

It is imperative to learn how to live dangerously from instant to instant, from moment to moment.

True, direct, transcendental, mystic knowledge will certainly be impossible as long as one has inner conflict.

We need to seize the Devil by the horns, it is essential to capture the fiery torch from Tiphon Baphomet, the Billy Goat of Mendez.

The esoteric Viparitakarani teaches how the "Yogi slowly raises the semen through concentration, in such a way that man and woman can attain VAJROLI."

The woman is explicitly designated as a "Saint" during the carnal act. She should also find herself in the situation to equally transform the fire of her sexual power and be able to conduct it to superior centres of the body.

By making the semen ascend in the body, that is to say, by making it flow back inwards and upwards instead of spilling it, by reverting the drops which the ignorant and profane assign to the woman's uterus, the ethereal flame of semen begins to act, the Igneous Serpent of our magical powers through which we can and must reduce the animal Ego to dust.

In the ANANGARANGA of KAYANAMALLA we have found the following TANTRIC ASANA.

UTTANA - DANDA

The man kneels and bends over the woman who is lying on her back. There are ten generally preferred varieties of this posture.

- a.- The man positions the prone woman's legs over his shoulders and joins with her as he leans toward her.
- b.- With the woman lying on her back the man arranges himself between her legs, raising them until they touch his chest and unites her.
- c.- The woman keeps one leg extended on the carpet or bed, and places the other on the man's head; this position is especially stimulating in erotic sensation.
- d.- The Kama-Rati position: The man situated himself between the woman's legs and outstretches her arms with his hands as far as possible.
- e.- During the sexual act, the woman raises both legs up to the man's chest with him between her thighs. This is one of the postures preferred by connoisseurs in the art of love.
- f.- The man kneels before the woman who is stretched out on her back, he then puts his hands under her back and lifts her towards him, whilst she draws him towards her with her hands entwined behind his neck.
- g.- The man places himself between the woman's hips and her pillow-bone (occiput at back of head) so that her body is raised forming an arch. Kneeling upon a cushion, the act is performed in this most appreciated position in which both participants experience the greatest enjoyment.
- h.- Whilst lying on her back, the woman crosses her legs and lifts her feet a little. This posture vividly rouses love's fire.
- i.- Lying down on the bed or carpet the woman arranges one leg on her companion's shoulder, keeping the other outstretched.
- j.- After introducing his penis, the man lifts the woman's legs and laying them on his shoulders, closely hugging her hips.

In the VIPARITAKASANI it says: "This practice is most excellent, the cause of liberation for the Yogi; this practice brings health and grants perfection to a Yogi.

"The VIRA-SADHAKA or HERUKA considers the Universe itself as the place of liberation.

He knows how to live wisely, with his sight set on infinite truth, he is above suspicion and reproach. By the evidence of "Saham" (I am it, that is to say, the power; without doubt penetrated by it) free from all ties to Samsara, master of his senses, proceeding to the PANCATATWA Ritual.

"This word designates the five elements: ether, air, fire, water and earth. They are considered to be the diverse origins of the manifestation of SHAKTI (Kundalini). Cosmic power is contained within the five and the VIRA-SADHAKA carries out the task of resurrecting the primary nature of those elements as an "act of power" so as to promote the first-born of creation, SHIVA Himself.

Evidently, the intrinsic need for gradual ascension toward the transcendental origins of universal life stands out with complete absolute clarity.

Such an ascension is going to have as its base the organic nature of the Pentad.

With respect to the organic subject, ether is encountered as being closely related to woman or to sexuality (MAITHUNA); air to wine (MADYA); fire to meat (MAMSA); water to fish

(MATSYA) and earth to cereals (MUDRA).

Thus, by the intelligent enjoyment of the five "M's" (woman, wine, meat, fish and cereals) we invoke the power (SHAKTI) of the elements, bringing it to the present within ourselves here and now.

The PANCATATWA makes SHAKTI-PUJA possible (this was the Gnostic Cult to the Divine Mother Kundalini Shakti).

The wonderful sparks of MAHA-KUNDALINI are found contained in all the properties of Nature's five elements.

We urgently need to convert these sparks into flames within ourselves.

Unquestionably, even when the occult Inner Divinity is not found within the intellectual animal mistakenly called man, it extends its innermost energy in a conscious manner through the ritual PANCATATWA with the clear purpose of helping the Essence in the process of awakening...

We should know that the five elements are diverse forms of one power, which therefore try to attract the inner life of the Inmost Being in order to unite it with external life, the immanent with the transcendental, so that the Being recognises itself in the here and now.

We need to learn to live intensely from instant to instant in the world of the five elements.

KARMA-YOGA, the path of the straight line, has its foundations in the Law of Balance.

How can we exercise power with regal mastery over the AKASA TATWA with the exclusion of SAHAJA MAITHUNA (Sexual Magic)!

Indian tradition says that RAMAKRISHNA established Saradelevi on the throne of the Divine Mother in the temple and began jointly to sing the hymn to the Devi Kundalini with the ancestral ritual ceremony which culminated in the famous SHORASHI PUJA, the adoration of woman. He and she achieved SAMADHI during the MAITHUNA... In this way one reaches the point of exercising AKASA TATWA.

It is written with words of fire in the book of splendours that the power of the Solar Logos is not found in the brain, neither in the heart, nor in any other organ of the body, save exclusively in the sexual organs, the phallus and the uterus.

In no manner whatever can we develop the powers of AKASA within our inmost constitution if we commit the errors of fornication, adultery or hating sex. "All sin will be forgiven save the sin against the Holy Spirit..." (Sex)

Once, finding myself outside of the physical body I asked my DIVINE MOTHER KUNDALINI the following question: Is it possible that someone exists in the physical world who can achieve SELF-REALISATION without SEXUAL MAGIC? The response was both terrible and shocking. "Impossible my son, that is just not possible."

I was deeply impressed and disturbed in the inmost depths of my soul...

What can we say about the Vayu Tatwa, the element of air? What is its relationship with the fruit of the Vine?

Obviously, no drunkard can possibly acquire the marvellous powers of the Vayu Tatwa...

It is manifestly clear that pure unfermented wine is used with success in the Ritual of PANCATATWA...

By what method or manner can we acquire the miraculous igneous powers of the Tejas Tatwa if we make the mistake of renouncing the carnivorous element? Unfortunately, the human multitude either becomes radically vegetarian or turns almost cannibalistic.

What can we say about the Apas Tatwa and its formidable powers? It is obvious that in fish a secret is found which allows us to control storms and walk on water. Unfortunately, people either hate seafood or eat too much of it.

In what way can we conquer the powers of the Phrithvi Tatwa, the earth element, if we hate cereals, vegetables and plants or if we gorge ourselves on them?

From the aforementioned it follows that all elements, from earth to meat, are in essence absolutely pure. When the VIRA enjoys pleasure devoid of all personal character, the original motive of the cosmos, the world of phenomena, the world of Maya is revealed in sex.

The TATWIC currents which are encountered in the cosmos in harmony with structural forces that produce the Evolution and Involution of the universe, are manifested as a boundary of creation and the first-born of Nature, in the way that it raises any immense potency and transforms the will-power of VIRA who proceeds to blaze on the live coals of MAHA-KUNDALINI.

The sage Waldemar wrote in one of his books: "Prana, the sixth fundamental force, can not only have an effect on man, but is the vital principle of every being existing in the universe.

"Prana is that which is called the breath of God and which provokes vital manifestations in organisms. By the enjoyment of the five elements of the Pancatatwa Ritual, dynamism of powers, so to speak, are caused to sparkle in the sixth principle, in the constitution of beings, that is to say in the LINGAM-SARIRA, the etheric body.

"If we know how to pay due attention to the true nature of the will awakened by this scintillation, so that it is captured with an alert Consciousness not only imaginatively but also retained with our whole innermost Being, rapture of a transcendental order is then realised."

Unquestionably the sparkle of wine, woman, meat, etc. after having rotated the chakras of the vital body come to activate the superior forces of the Soul: ATMAN-BUDDHI-MANU.

So as to transcend the dark mass of TAMAS (latent power) in its chaotic and inert state, special moments of ecstatic emotion must be stimulated. The individual goes "outside himself", in a certain way and the resources of wine and the sexual act, here play a decisive role.

This "going outside oneself" is, in the right sense, properly understood as an entrance into the force of the elements.

Tatwic currents encountered in the cosmos are obviously subordinate to Shakti, to the power.

Activating the power of the five elements in the living depths of the soul, it is clear that we become masters of the Tatwas. Then if we so desire, we can immortalise the physical body, being able to pass through fire without getting burnt, walk on water, calm or unleash storms,

float in the air, cause hurricanes to break forth, pass through any rock of mountain from one side to another without receiving the least harm, pronounce words which paralyse or charm venomous snakes, etc. etc. etc.

OM! One obedient to the Goddess, who resembles a marvellously adorned sleeping serpent in the SWAYANBBULINGAM, enjoys that which is beloved and other delights. It is

captivated by the wine and radiates like a million rays. It will be awakened by air and fire, by the mantras YAM and DRAM and by the mantra HUM during Sexual Magic.

Great imagination must be employed in the pronunciation of the mantra KRIM. It is necessary to breathe energy into it and transform it into a magic force.

Such a Mantra is not only used in Sexual Magic. It is evident that it forms a living part of the whole PANCATATWA Ritual.

The Gnostic Vira when drinking wine or eating meat, fish or cereals, pronounces the mantra KRIM, intensifying his imagination, in such a way, that the whole universe seems to overflow with the Blessed Goddess of the World.

CHAPTER 14

TATWIC POWERS

For the good of the Great Cause I am now going to transcribe in the present chapter two extraordinary accounts by the Sri Swami Sinavanda:

YOGI BHUSUNDA

"Yogi Bhusunda is considered amongst yogis, to be a Chiranjivi. He was a master in the science of Pranayama. It is said that this Yogi constructed an enormous shelter, where he lived, on the West side of Kalpa Vriksha which is situated on the Northern summit of Mahamera. This Yogi was Trikala Jnani and could remain in a state of Samadhi for a long time. He obtained the supreme Santi and Jinana and in this state he enjoyed the happiness of his own BEING, ever as a Chiranjivi.

He had full knowledge of the five Dharanas and had given proof of his power over the five elements through the practice of concentration.

It is said that when the twelve Adytas burnt the world with their resplendent rays, this yogi could reach the Akasa through his Apas Dharana. When the ferocious gale blows until rocks break into pieces, he will remain in the Akasa by means of the Agni Dharana.

Further more, when the world as well as the Mahamera sink in the waters, he will float through the Vayu Dharana."

This far is the marvellous account of the Sri Swami Sivananda. Of course the Yogi Bhusunda had to intensively practise the Ritual PANCATATWA.

Now, let us take a thorough look at the second account of the Guru- Deva Sivananda:

MILAREPA

"Milarepa was one of those souls who was deeply affected upon comprehending the temporary nature of worldly existence and the suffering and misery in which beings are immersed. From this point of view it seemed to him, that existence was the same as a huge bonfire wherein living creatures were consumed.

In view of such disconcerting pain, in his heart he felt unable to perceive some of the celestial happiness enjoyed by Brahma and Indra in the heavens. Much less could he feel earthly joy and the delights characteristic of the profane world.

On the other hand, he felt profoundly captivated by the vision of immaculate purity and chaste beatitude described in the state of perfect Liberty and attainable Omniscience in Nirvana. This feeling was such that he was unable to waste his life looking for that which he had long before rejected, and he dedicated himself, full of faith, profound of mind and overflowing of heart, to All-penetrating Love and the affection of all creatures.

Having obtained transcendental knowledge about the control of the etheric and spiritual nature of the mind, he felt capable of giving a demonstration, to this effect he could fly through the sky, walk and rest in the air.

He was able to produce flames and bring forth waters from his body. He could transform himself into any object that he desired. These demonstrations were capable of convincing non-believers and turning them toward religious paths.

Milarepa became perfect in the practice of the four states of Meditation and through them he could project his subtle body to the extent of simultaneously presiding at Yogi Councils in twenty four different places in which the celebratory assemblies of Gods and Angels resembled clouds of spiritual communion.

He was able to rule over Gods and elementals, putting them at his immediate command in the fulfilment of their duties.

A perfect Adept of supernatural tatwic powers, he had the gift to pass through and visit innumerable sacred paradises and Buddhas' heavens, where by virtue of his All-absorbing acts and unsurpassed devotion, Buddhas and Boddhisatvas being in charge of those sacred places, favoured him in expressing himself about DHARMA, sanctifying him on his return for the vision of those celestial worlds and his remaining in such places."

CHAPTER 15

THE ABOMINABLE VICE OF ALCOHOL

Far away from here, from this, my beloved Mexican homeland, travelling along other roads, the winds of destiny took me to that ancient South American city which in pre-Colombian times was called Bacatá, (in native Chibcha language).

This bohemian, melancholic city with its 19th century creole mentality; a smoky town in a deep valley...

A poet said of this marvellous metropolis: "Bacata city spins in the rain like an unbalanced carousel, a neurotic city that covers its hours with scarves of cloud."

At that time the first world war had already begun... What times those were, my God! What times! Better now to exclaim with Ruben Dario: "Youth, divine treasure, you pass with no return, when I want to cry I cannot, and sometimes I cry without wanting to."

How much sorrow I still feel remembering so many of my friends who are already dead! The years have passed on by...

This was the era of the Bohemian's toast and Julio Flores, the years in which the writers Lope de Vega and Gutierrez de Cetina were in fashion.

Whoever wanted to boast of being intelligent then, between one drink and another, recited that sonnet of Lope de Vega, that reads:

"Violante commands me to write a sonnet

I have never in my life seen myself in such a fix, a sonnet is said to be fourteen verses, with tongue in cheek, three go ahead. I thought I would not find a consonant and I am in the middle of another quartet but if I see myself in the first triplet, nothing can scare me in the quartets. I am entering the first triplet and still I boast of starting off on the right foot since with this verse, I reach the end. I am in the second triplet and still suspect that the thirteen verses I'll complete count if there are fourteen and it is done."

In that creole environment evidently, bards stayed awake all night finishing this kind of recitations to shouts of admiration and storms of applause.

Those were the times for the Bohemian's toasts; years in which knights would put their lives at risk for any lady that passed by in the street...

Someone introduced me to a friend with a scintillating intellect, much given to the metaphysical type of study. Roberto was his name and if I do not mention his surname, it is with the obvious intention of not injuring susceptibilities.

Roberto was the illustrious offspring of a departmental representative in the National Chamber of that country.

With a glass of choice bacara in his right hand, drunk with wine and passion, that bard with his unruly head of hair held forth, stood out everywhere in front of intellectuals, in shops, bars and cafes.

The extraordinary erudition which that young man possessed, was certainly worthy of admiration. He would as promptly discuss Juan Montalvo and his seven treatises as he would recite the triumphal march of Ruben Dario...

However, there were lengthy respites more or less in his tempestuous life. At times he seemed repentant and would shut himself in the National Library for long hours, day after day.

I advised him many times to abandon the abominable vice of alcohol forever, but my advice was to no avail, sooner or later that young man would return to his old adventures.

One night whilst my physical body slept in bed, it happened that I had a very interesting astral experience.

With terrified eyes, I saw myself before a horrendous precipice tracing the sea. Whilst looking into the abysmal darkness I observed small, swift ships in full sail approaching the cliffs.

The sailors' screams and the sound of the anchors and oars verified that those small crafts had reached the gloomy shore.

I saw lost souls, sinister people, appallingly twisted, grisly people, menacingly disembark.

Unreal shadows ascended the heights to where Roberto and I stood.

Terrified, Roberto plunged, head first, falling into the abyss like an inverted Pentacle and was lost once and for all in the stormy waters.

I cannot deny that I did the same, but instead of sinking beneath the waters of the Ponto, I floated deliciously whilst in space, a star smiled at me.

It is clear that such an astral experience impressed me vividly; I understood the future awaiting my friend.

Years passed and I continued my journey along the path of life, I moved away from that smoky Bohemian city.

Long after, far off in time and distance, travelling along the coasts of the Caribbean sea, I arrived at the port of Rio del Hacha, which is nowadays the capital of the Guajira peninsula.

A town of sandy tropical roads by the seashore, hospitable and charitable people with faces burnt by the sun...

I have never been able to forget those Guajira Indians clothed in such beautiful tunics and everywhere shouting: "Carua! Carua! Carua! (Charcoal)."

"Piraca, piraca, piraca! (come here)," the housewives cried from the doors of every house in the purpose of buying the necessary fuel.

"Haita Maya (I love you very much)," says the indian man when winning the love of an indian woman. "Ai macai pupura (days come and go)," she will answer.

Unusual circumstances exist in life, tremendous surprises; for me one of them was the encounter with that very bard whom I had known before in Bacata city.

He came to me ranting openly in the street, drunk with wine... as always, and to make matters worse, in the most dreadful misery.

It was obvious that this intellectual luminary had degenerated shockingly with the vice of alcohol.

All my efforts to get him out from the vice were useless, every day went from bad to worse.

New year was approaching, everywhere the drums resounded inviting the village to the public festivities, dances held in many houses and orgies.

One day as I was sitting beneath the shade of a tree, deep in meditation, I came out of my ecstatic state upon hearing the voice of the poet...

Roberto had arrived barefoot, face emaciated and body half naked; my friend was now a tramp, the EGO of alcohol had transformed him into a beggar.

Staring at me and extending his right hand he exclaimed:

"Give me alms."

"For what do you want alms?"

"To collect enough money to buy a bottle of rum."

"I am very sorry friend, believe me, I shall never co-operate with vice. Abandon the path of perdition."

Once those words were said that shadow silently and taciturnly retired.

New year's eve arrived, that unruly mopped bard wallowed like a pig in the mud, drinking and begging from orgy to orgy...

Completely losing his reason, under the disgusting effects of alcohol, he got into a fight, he evidently said something for which he was given a tremendous hiding.

Afterwards the police intervened with the sound intention of bringing the thrashing to an end and as is normal in these cases, the bard ended up in jail.

The epilogue to this tragedy whose author was naturally the EGO of alcohol is really macabre and blood-curdling, because that poet hanged himself. Those who saw him the following day said he was found hanging by the neck from the bars of the prison cell.

The funeral was magnificent and many people gathered at the cemetery to say the last farewell to the bard. Grieving, I continued my journey after all this, moving away from that coastal port.

Much later, I proposed to investigate directly my disembodied friend in the astral world.

This type of metaphysical experiment can be achieved by projecting the EIDOLON or the magic double, about which Paracelsus talked so much.

To rise out from dense form certainly cost me no hardship, the experience was marvellous.

Floating with the EIDOLON in the astral atmosphere of the planet Earth, I entered through the gigantic doors of a great building.

Situated at the foot of a flight of stairs that led to the upper floors. I could establish that there was a fork in the steps approaching the base.

I cried out in great voice, pronouncing the name of the deceased and then patiently awaited the outcome...

The latter certainly did not keep me waiting long. I was startled by a great mob of people who rushed headlong down each side of the staircase.

They all came together, encircling me, "Roberto my friend! why did you commit suicide?"

I knew that all of these people were Roberto but I found no one to whom I could address myself, I met not one responsible character, not one individual...

I had before me a PLURALIZED EGO, a mass of Devils; my disembodied friend did not possess a permanent centre of Consciousness.

The experiment came to a conclusion when that legion of Selves retired, ascending the divided staircase.

CHAPTER 16

THE CREATIVE MAGNETIC PAUSE

The experience of daily life has demonstrated conclusively for us that excessive excitation of light and sound regrettably dulls the marvellous organs of sight and hearing.

The wise law of concomitancy permits us to deduce logically that the continuous interchange of living rays exhausts the soul as much as the body.

Man as a microcosm is required to walk in accordance with those living rhythms of infinite space which hold the universe steady in its course.

In the same way that stars in the firmament come and go within their orbits without impeding each other and hence have their proportional luminosity, so also husband and wife should themselves proceed to sexually unite periodically.

Even when it is impossible for determined couples to have separate bedrooms, there is an infallible remedy to prevent magnetic depletion. Since it would be very serious not to mention it, we shall give the formula: "Make love once or twice a week and try not to interrupt the vital electrical current, carefully avoiding abominable spasm.

These verses are from Hutten: Twice weekly, it is the duty with a woman so to do, that which harms neither you nor I, an hundred and four times a year is awarded.

Zoroaster wrote to his fellows that man and wife should make love every nine days; because of that, the woman should ask the man nine times each morning. Tell me, my lord, what should I do today. Your will is Law.

The wise legislator Solon awarded woman the right to be covered by a man three times in the course of four weeks.

Men who have passed beyond the age of fifty, are simply advised to obey the magnetic creative pause which Nature establishes in their physiology of Eros.

These people, even though they want to practice Sexual Magic, must learn to wait for the appropriate moment; it is absurd to force the sexual organs or to undertake copulation with a deficient erection.

People of advanced years should never worry; it is obvious that Nature also establishes in them their sexual "PLUS" and "MINUS", their periods of activity and repose.

The magnetic creative pause also resolves the somehow deficient function of the genitals and the chakras or sympathetic plexus provided by them.

The wise Waldemar says: "Energies from the very same potent mass are wasted during the preparatory period and frequent repetition of this extravagance produces an increasing interior emptiness and dissatisfaction as a consequence."

"The magnetic pause is necessary for the replacement of consumed energy.

Frequently, however, a participant even goes so far as to interpret this pause as a lack of love and conjugal desire, obliging their partner, in morbid vanity, to demonstrate their willing deference with new displays of excitation.

In a forced manner such participant will repeatedly give clear demonstrations of sensual fire, the other partner having no alternative but to escape the representative mimicry of sensations which are no longer excitable or experimental.

As a consequence of this, spiritual deviation increases until repulsion and desperation expand in such a way that vehement disputes become inevitable.

Shame and hatred of those affected increase, leading to spiritual disturbance and usually the conversion of marriage into a curse. What are to blame here are firstly lack of knowledge and secondly disuse of the Creative Magnetic Pause."

Magnetic interchange during sexual intercourse is positively manifest especially when husband and wife make love with the clear purpose of not exceeding the sexual point of culmination, that is to say, not reaching orgasm.

It is then that both husband and wife have prodigious sexual electric forces available, with which they can reduce to ashes all the psychic aggregates which in conjunction constitute that which is called the EGO, the SELF, the MYSELF and the ID.

CHAPTER 17

ASTRAL PROJECTION

We have much to tell in relation to projections of the EIDOLON and suprasensitive travels out of the physical body.

In this instant as I write these pages, extraordinary and marvellous events come to mind. Reviewing old chronicles of my lengthy existence, with the tenacity of a monk in his cell, Eliphas Levi arises in my mind.

One night, out of the dense form, I went everywhere calling for the soul of that late departed one who in life was called Abbot Alfonso Luis Constants (Eliphas Levi).

I found him sitting at an old desk in the august hall of an old palace.

With much courtesy he rose from his armchair to respectfully greet me.

"I have come to ask you a great favour," I said, "I would like you to give me a key so that I may instantly go out in astral body any time I need to."

"With pleasure," the abbot replied, "but before, I would like you to bring me the following homework by tomorrow: What is the most monstrous thing that exists on earth?"

"Please give me the key right now..."

"No! Bring me the homework and I will give you the key with pleasure."

The problem which the abbot had given me became a real jigsaw puzzle since there are so many monstrous things in the world, Frankly I found no solution.

I wandered along every street of the city observing, trying to discover the most monstrous thing and just when I thought I had found it something worse would arise; suddenly a ray of light illuminated my comprehension.

Ah! I said, I understand. The most monstrous thing has to be, in accordance with the law of the opposite analogies, the counterpole of the most magnificent thing.

Fine! But what is the most magnificent thing that exists on the sorrowful face of this afflicted world?

Then, it clearly came to mind; the Mountain of Skulls, bitter Golgotha and the great Kabir Jesus dying on a cross for Love of all sad humanity.

Then I exclaimed: Love is the most magnificent thing that exists on earth! Eureka! Eureka! Eureka! Now I have discovered the secret. Hatred is the antithesis of the most magnificent thing.

The solution to the complex problem proved to be obvious. Undoubtedly I had to make contact with Eliphas Levi again. Projecting the Eidolon once more was routine for me, so clearly I was born with that precious faculty.

If I sought a special key, It was not for my insignificant worthless person, but for many other people who yearned for conscious and positive astral projection.

Travelling with the EIDOLON, or magic double, very far away from my physical body, I moved through different European countries searching for the abbot, but he was nowhere to be found.

All of a sudden I unwontedly sensed a telepathic summons and I entered a luxurious mansion; and there was the abbot, but...

Oh! What a surprise! What a wonder! What is this? Eliphas had become an infant and was lying in his cot. A truly unique case, was it not?

With profound veneration I approached the baby and said very softly: "Master I bring the homework; the most monstrous thing which exists on earth is hate. Now I want you to fulfil your promise. Give me the key..."

However, to my astonishment that child remained quiet whilst I despaired without comprehending that silence is wisdom's eloquence.

At times I took him in my arms from desperation, imploring, but all in vain, that infant resembled the silent sphinx.

How long would this last? I did not know! In eternity time does not exist and the past and the future join in an eternal now.

Finally, feeling cheated, I put the child into his cot and very sadly left that venerable, ancestral home.

Days, months and years passed and I continued to feel defrauded; I felt as if the abbot had not carried out his word, given with such solemnity, but one day the light dawned on me. I remembered that phrase from Kabir Jesus: "Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these."

Ah! I understand, I said to myself. It is imperative, it is essential for childhood to be reconquered in the mind and heart. "Unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven."

That return, that going back to the point of original departure, is not possible without first having died within oneself. The Essence, the Consciousness is unfortunately bottled up amongst all those aggregate psyches that, as a sinister whole constitute the EGO.

Only by annihilating such twisted, dark aggregates can the Essence awaken to a state of primeval innocence.

When all subconscious elements have been reduced to cosmic dust, the Essence is liberated.

Then we recapture lost childhood.

Novalis says: "The Consciousness is man's own Essence in complete transformation, the primitive celestial Being."

It is manifestly clear that when the Consciousness awakens, voluntary astral projection is no longer a problem.

After having understood in depth all these processes of the human psyche, the abbot delivered to me, in the higher worlds, the second part of the majestic key.

This was a series of mantric sounds with which one could consciously and positively achieve projection of the EIDOLON.

For the benefit of our gnostic students it is useful to establish didactically the skillful succession of these magic sounds.

- a. A long and delicate whistle similar to that of a bird.
 - b. The intonation of the vowel "E" (as in the English word "let") (eeeeeeeeee) prolonging the sound with the note "RAY" of the musical scale.
 - c. Singing the "R", making it resonate with the musical "TE", imitating a high pitched child's voice; something similar to the shrill sound of a hand mill or an extremely fine and delicate motor (rrrrrrrrr).
 - d. Make the "S" resonate very delicately, like a sweet and gentle whistle (sssssssss).
- Clarification: Point a. is a real and effective whistle. Point d. is only similar to a whistle.

ASANA

The gnostic student lies down in the position of a dead man - face upwards, on their back.

Splay the toes in a fan shape, feet together at the heels.

Arms alongside the body; the whole of the physical vehicle well relaxed. The devotee should repeatedly sing the magic sounds in profound meditation whilst going to sleep.

ELEMENTALS

These mantras are found to be closely related to the elemental class of birds and it is evident that they will effectively assist the devotee by helping in the work of astral projection.

Each bird is the physical body of an elemental and they always assist the neophyte provided that there is proper conduct.

If the aspirant is eager for assistance from the elemental class of birds, they must learn to love them. Those who commit the crime of confining creatures of Heaven in abominable cages, will never receive this help.

Feed the birds of Heaven, transform yourself into a liberator of these creatures, open the doors of their prisons and you will be helped by them.

When, for the first time I experimented with the majestic key, after intoning the mantras, I felt light and airy, as if something had entered inside the EIDOLON.

It is obvious that I did not wait to be lifted from the bed; I myself abandoned the couch. I voluntarily arose, and walked very slowly out of the house. The innocent elementals of friendly birds within my astral body helped in my astral projection.

CONCLUSION

In the present chapter, then we have revealed the two fundamental aspects of the majestic key.

The complete and absolute development of these two parts of the great key, will permit us to project ourselves into the astral at will in a conscious and positive way.

Whoever truly yearns to become an experimentalist in the grand realities of the superior worlds, must develop within themselves the two aspects of the great key.

CHAPTER 18

MAGNETIC INTERCHANGE

In chemical copulation, in metaphysical coitus, during Sahaja Maithuna, maximum erotic sensation is experienced in five minutes.

Dynamic magnetic flames surround the couple during sexual trance like an undulating sea of a purple red profoundly divine gas.

It is a tremendous moment in which the masculine currents attempt to unite with the feminine.

The harmonious, combined, sexual rhythms between a man and a woman are established with the magnetic creative pause.

Such a pause contains within itself two basic factors:

A. A determined period of time intelligently and voluntarily established in between copulation.

B. Prolonged joy of metaphysical coitus, without orgasm, spasm and without losing seminal liquid.

It is imperative that the most important centres of the body make harmonious and calm contact, so that the interchange of magnetic forces is profound, edifying and essentially dignified.

The clitoris, which is situated between the small lips of the vulva represents the most sensitive point of the feminine organism.

Any enlightened clairvoyant can detect the magnetic centrifugal forces that initiate their course from the clitoris.

It is then, the clitoris, the magnetic centrifugal point which provides a woman's aura with suitable currents of energy.

However, we should study all of this not partially but completely; it would be absurd to assume that the clitoris, which is encountered in front of the vaginal entrance and is separated from it by the canal of the urethra, is the only bearer and generator of superior sexual sensation in the female sex.

We should think and understand also that the uterus and isolated interior parts of the vagina can be bearers and generators of maximum sexual sensation.

Obviously cavernous tissue and terminal corpuscles are encountered in the clitoris.

Without such tissues and corpuscles physiological feminine aptitude and the possibility of reaching the maximum sexual sensation would be ruled out.

During contact with the man, the clitoris, provided with cavernous bodies, commences to erect, in the same way as the male phallus, both becoming aroused together.

At the extraordinary moment in which cavernous bodies in the area of the lips of the vulva also swell, the vaginal entrance coats itself with a kind of spongy pad that marvellously envelops the male phallus.

The more the vaginal entrance is moistened by glandular secretion, the greater the possibility of taking the fine magnetic condensers located there, to an electrical affinity with the phallus, which in the organization of tension from the human body represents, so to speak, the primary transmitter of energy, in order to exchange an alternating physio-psycho current.

The wise Waldemar says: "Let us not forget, our body will invariably be more complete, the more developed and under conscious control is the sympathetic nervous system."

"When a man and a woman make of sexual union a psychic union too, with the minimum possible movement, that is to say, with only those which are necessary to maintain and prolong the contact, only then is the opportunity brought about of electrically charging the cerebro-spinal ganglia. These are bound to the pineal gland, sovereign of the body, in addition to the solar plexus (Plexus-Coeliacus) with numerous radiating plexi to the liver, intestines, kidneys and spleen."

Abominable sexual ejaculation is certainly a short circuit that occurs to terrifyingly discharge us and for that reason we should always avoid it.

The marvellous force of OD is specifically found in different organs and in diverse qualities; so, the best and most fertile creative magnetic interchange is based on the following revolutionary procedure: the left side, wherein lies a man's heart, rests directly on the right side of a woman, uniting his left hand with her right and with his right foot making contact with her left.

The sexual organs can then devote themselves to the task from which they are frequently enough withdrawn; that is, to serve the physical principle of assimilation and purification of matter: Firstly through action on the plexus which is situated below the diaphragm (the ventral part of the sympathetic nervous system), which is essentially necessary as a base for the development of the most refined sensation.

Metaphysical copulation, with all its erotic refinement, places us in a privileged position, through which we have at our disposal the marvellous forces that allow us to reduce to cosmic dust each one of the sinister entities which personify our psychological defects.

CHAPTER 19

THE DEMON OF ALGOL

It is at times imperative to repeat certain phrases when discussing comprehension. What has been said in chapter thirteen, with reference to alcohol, cannot be emphasized enough.

There is no need to discuss the effects of alcohol at length. Its name in Arabic (the same as the Algol star which represents the Head of Medusa cut off by Perseus) simply means the Demon...

Whether in fact it is a demon or a malefic spirit when it possesses man, its effects are clear and easily demonstrable from the drunkenness, the delirium tremens and the madness, with forms of paralysis and other hereditary defects passed down through descendants.

Unquestionably, alcohol has a vibratory tendency to disintegrate, dissolve and destroy, being a product of destruction which also originates in our organism and which is eliminated through the skin. It dries our tissues and destroys nerve cells which are gradually substituted with cartilage.

It is manifestly clear that alcohol tends to eliminate the capacity for independent thought and calm judgment since it fatally stimulates fantasy. It also shockingly debilitates ethical sense and individual liberty.

Dictators from the past, tyrants, were not unaware that it is easier to govern and enslave a nation of drinkers than that of abstainers.

It is also well known that with a state of intoxication you can make someone accept any suggestion and carry out deeds which are contrary to their sense of decency and morality. The influence of alcohol on crime is notorious, so much so that it is unnecessary to stress the fact.

Hideous alcohol, climbs the precipice and tumbles into the abyss of perdition; it is the malignant substance which intimately characterizes the "Infernal Worlds" where nothing can be heard but screams, howls, whistles, neighs, squawks, bellows, cackles, mews, barks, snorts, roars and caws.

Abominable Algol turns incessantly within the vicious circle of time.

It insinuates itself in everywhere, ever tempting; it seems to have the knack for ubiquity, at once smiling from the gold or silver goblet under the gilded ceiling of a pompous palace or making the long haired bard in some dreadful tavern sing.

Malignant Algol is at times very subtle and diplomatic. Watch it shining dangerously in the glittering glass of fine baccarat, offered by the beloved woman!

And, said the poet, when a beloved wine-tipsy woman endeavours to strip in the soft, perfumed mahogany bed, her guardian Angel departs for a while...

We are all going toward an end, we all have our name in the fatal amphora. Never drink the accursed liquor, I tell you, because if you drink it you will quickly lose the path.

"Very strong wine from Sabina in small glasses, will you drink with me now, although in the Greek amphora in which it was bottled I myself sealed it," exclaims Satan from the depths of the abyss...

In his black depths each demon fulfils its task, getting the vineyard ready until sunset, and like a God he calls you, when at merry supper the time to drink fermented wine arrives.

With new inspirations in their lares, the peasants drink their health and offer libations with must, and the perfidious Medusa, Algol smiles in enjoyment with her victim.

Fasting, mortification and the wearing of hair shirts begs the anchorite or penitent at merry dawn and after all have finished their sipping between the spree and the orgy when a weary sun sets in the west.

What does time not erode? Already our dear parents were inferior to our coarse grand parents, we are worse than them and in withered decadence between liquor and tragedy we are followed by corrupt descendants.

"How different are the progeny? - when from another family!

Who stain the seas of Sicily with Punic blood.

Who lay Pyrrhonians and Antiochians low with only one stroke and faced formidable Hannibal until the end.

"A virile breed of rustic soldiers, used to plough clods of earth with a sabellian hoe, stalwart people obedient to a severe mother, who at her command charged, at the last hour.

"The day's enormous trunks hewn for the home, when weary oxen are loosened from the yoke, and sinks the sun into the shadows which night has gathered, and in friendly repose the farmhouse settles."

Now everything is over; this poor humanity full of so many sorrows has degenerated with the abominable vice of alcohol.

And who are these idiots who seek to negotiate with Satan? Listen my friends! With the sinister Demon Algol it is impossible to make compromises, arrangements or any kind of crooked deal. Alcohol is very treacherous and sooner or later will stab us in the back.

Many people with THELEMA (Will) only drink one or two glasses a day, a terrific fiddle, isn't it?

Compromises? Arrangements? Crooked deals? Talking of people inexperienced in life in

Socratic language we can say not only are they ignorant but they are also unaware of the fact that they are ignorant.

Whether drinking a little or a lot, the atoms of the secret enemy, which are similar to microscopic pieces of glass with the passage of time are furtively and subtly incrusting within the living cells of the human organism.

Divine beings as well as human beings know well that the Algol Demon takes possession of the human body very subtly and slowly until, one day, it precipitates us towards the abyss of drunkenness and insanity.

Listen to me very carefully, gnostic students: In the light of the sun or of the moon, of day or of night, any agreement, transaction, diplomacy or negotiation with this malign spirit is condemned to failure sooner or later. You have to be radical with the Algol Demon!

Remember, devotees of the Secret Path, that the ill fated axle of the grievous wheel of Samsara is lubricated with alcohol.

With words of fire in the book of all mysteries it is written that with alcohol demons resuscitate already dead egos - those abominable, brutal and bestial creatures which personify our psychological errors.

Since liquor is related to the Vayu-Tatwa (the air element), while drinking it we fall like the inverted Pentacle head downwards and legs upward into the abyss of ruin and dreadful sorrow (see chapter 13.)

The shaft of the abyss, from which smoke rises like a great furnace, reeks of alcohol.

That woman of the Apocalypse of Saint John dressed in purple and scarlet and arrayed in gold, precious stones and pearls drinks alcohol. She holds a golden cup in her hands full of abominations and the filthiness of her fornication. That is the great whore whose number is 666.

The religious guide, priest, mystic or prophet who makes the mistake of getting drunk with abominable alcohol is truly wretched!

It is good to work for the salvation of souls, to teach the Doctrine of the Lord, but truly I tell you that it is not fair to slap in the face those who follow you.

Priests, anchorites, mystics, missionaries that teach the people with love, why do you scandalize them?

Perhaps you ignore that scandalizing the people is equivalent to being disrespectful, to slapping your very followers in the face. When are you going to understand all this?

CHAPTER 20

GREED

Whilst travelling throughout many countries of the world, I had to stay for sometime in the city of the conqueror Gonzalo Jimenez de Quesada, at the foot of the mountains of Monserrat and Guadalupe.

At that time the second world war was approaching, I was introduced to a very exceptional friend in that city.

He was called Sucre and was also travelling . He had come from a certain port on the Atlantic as far as the summit of the Andes in search for University learning.

Everything was very curious with that friend from other times, even the usual introduction itself.

Someone, whose name I will not mention, knocked at the door of my dwelling one night with the apparent purpose of inviting me to a serious conversation with the above mentioned friend...

The location of the meeting was certainly not, very beautiful, an awful shop with a small salon.

And after all the useless formalities of introduction, we got to the subject of discussion. My new friend's intellectual capacity was clearly obvious, a theoretic, speculative, studious person...

He said he was a founder of some theosophical type of lodge and frequently mentioned: H.P.Blavatsky, Leadbeater, Annie Besant, etc.

In the interchange of ideas he was without doubt brilliant at making pseudo-esoteric and pseudo-occult statements.

If it were not for inclination towards Hypnotism and his exhibitionist desire that reunion of friends would have ended peacefully, but it is here where the Devil intervenes.

It happened that this friend wanted to demonstrate his hypnotic power and, approaching a gentleman of a certain age who was there sitting at another table he asked him very courteously to serve as a passive subject for his experiment.

With regard to questions relating to Hypnology, it is not superfluous to emphasize the idea that not all subjects are susceptible to falling into trance. Sucre, with his exhibitionist EGO was obviously not prepared to be ridiculed, he needed to demonstrate his power and for this reason he made superhuman efforts to hypnotize the gentleman.

But, all was in vain, whilst Sucre struggled and even suffered, that good gentleman was inside thinking the worst.

And suddenly, like a thunderbolt falling in a gloomy night, what had to happen, happened.

The passive gentleman jumped up from his place rebuking Sucre, addressing him as a thief, a trickster, a rogue, etc. But our above mentioned friend who was not a gentle lamb, ranted and raved.

Tables, chairs, cups, and plates went flying through the air and in the midst of this great havoc were the cries of the proprietor, pleading for the bill to be paid.

Fortunately, the police intervened and everything was calmed, poor Sucre had to pawn his luggage to pay the debt.

After that extremely unpleasant disaster was over, we arranged a new rendezvous with the aforementioned friend, which went much more peacefully since Sucre did not have the absurd idea of repeating his experiment in his head.

Therefore we made clear many ideas and concepts of an esoteric and occult background.

Much later that friend went to university with the purpose of becoming a good lawyer and was evidently a magnificent student.

One day, many years after, the aforementioned friend invited me to dine and after dinner we had a conversation about hidden treasures, and so it occurred to me to narrate the following case.

"I was sleeping in my bedroom," I told him, "when I was suddenly woken by a strange subterranean noise which was mysteriously passing or circulating from Northeast to Southeast.

"Feeling somewhat startled by such an unusual sound, I sat up in bed to see what was happening.

"Then to my great surprise, I saw the earth opening in one of the corners of my bedroom.

"There appeared as if by magic the apparition of an unknown woman, who in a very refined voice told me: " I have been dead for many years, here in this place I buried a great treasure, dig it up, it is for you."

On hearing my after dinner tale, Sucre passionately begged me to take him to the actual place and I clearly did not want to refuse this service...

Another afternoon he came to tell me that he had been in contact with the owner of that house - a very famous doctor of the city - and he begged me to investigate whether or not this person was in fact the owner of the said property as he had his doubts.

I openly admit with the most complete frankness that it was not difficult for me to undertake astral travelling; I simply made good use of the transitional state between wakefulness and sleep.

The instant I began to sleep I delicately rose from my bed and went out to the street.

Obviously the physical body remained asleep in bed.

Thereby the achievement of the projection of the EIDOLON was successfully completed.

I still accurately remember that remarkable psychic experiment.

Flying, floating in the astral atmosphere of planet Earth, I wandered through various streets looking for the Doctor's surgery.

I prayed to my Elemental Intercessor to take me to that office and it is evident that I was assisted.

Upon reaching a certain house I understood; three steps led to the sumptuous porch of a mansion...

I went through those doors and found myself in a waiting room, advancing some more, I boldly entered the consulting room...

Examining the interior of this last room in detail, I saw a table and upon it a typewriter and some other things; a window looked out onto the patio of the residence, the Doctor was seated and in his aura could be seen his above mentioned ownership...

I returned to my physical body extremely satisfied with the experiment, the EIDOLON is certainly extraordinary...

Early in the morning my friend learnt the outcome of my psychic experiment.

I recounted in detail everything that I had seen and heard, then I saw amazement in Sucre's face, he knew the surgery and the information I gave him was exact...

What happened afterwards is easy to guess. Sucre not only managed to rent the house from that doctor but furthermore, and this is the most curious, he made him his partner....

In those days I decided to move away from that city despite the pleas of my friend who insisted that I cancel my journey...

When I went back to that place some years later, everything had changed, the house had disappeared...

Then I encountered a horrible, stony, frighteningly boring, arid terrain...

And I saw high tension electrical installations and two stroke pumps machines of all kinds and well-paid workers, etc...

Sucre was living right there in a room which looked more like a trench in a battle field, going in and out, giving insistent orders to the workers, etc...

That room was protected by gigantic rocks and in its walls were seen many of small windows which could open and close at will.

From the shutters Sucre watched what went on around him. Such peepholes were, he used to say, very useful...

Now and then, at the slightest noise from outside, he would seize his pistol or rifle and then from outside those apertures could be seen opening or closing and perhaps the glimpse of gun muzzles protruding.

That was the state of things, when I returned. So my friend explained to me that this treasure was much sought-after, it was known as the famous golden calf so much so that many people from the district were restless and for this reason he was surrounded by covetous mortal enemies who had the intention of murdering him.

So help me God and Virgin Mary! I said to myself... Unluckily did I tell my friend about the vision of the treasure... It would have been better to have kept my trap shut.

Another day, full of optimism he owned up that certainly twelve metres down he had found a figure of baked clay which was good for nothing and inside the hollow head he discovered a parchment in which the whole plan of the treasure was outlined.

In the Doctor's laboratory the parchment was carefully removed from inside the marionette's head. For with time and humidity it had become excessively stuck together.

According to the plan twelve metres underground there were situated four storerooms, one to the east, another to the west, a third to the north and the last one to the south.

Such a plan gave precise indications and information and at the end had a pronouncement signed with the initials of a name.

"Whoever finds my treasure which is buried in deep wells, will be persecuted by the Church Patron Saint's before twenty days it must not be known that the profits which were interred for me have been removed."

In those days the second world war was much advanced; Hitler had invaded many European countries and was preparing to attack Russia.

My friend was an extreme Germanophile and believed very seriously in Hitler's triumph...

It is clear then that influenced by the political tactics of Hitler who one day would sign a peace treaty with a particular country and the next would attack the very same country, he did not want to work in accordance with the plan's indications.

Sucre said to himself: "Such directions are a distraction... The treasure is many metres below the figure, the four storerooms mentioned are of no interest to me."

Thereby, he abandoned the directions and dug deeper, when I approached that hole I saw

only a deep, black, terrifying chasm...

"Sucre, My friend," I said, "you have committed a very grave error, you have left the treasure above in the four storerooms and have crazily gone deeper. No one would have buried a treasure at such depths."

Obviously such words as I pronounced carried the fragrance of sincerity and the perfume of courtesy....

However, we must speak in plain language emphasize on the EGO of greed.

Unquestionably, this Ego was standing out exorbitantly in my friend, conspiring with cunning mistrust and violence.

It was in no way something unusual to me that then Sucre raged and stormed vociferously at me and told me things I had never even thought of.

Poor Sucre!... He threatened me with death, believing for a moment that I was very much in agreement with his known enemies, perhaps intending to steal the treasure...

After all that and upon seeing my tremendous serenity, he invited me to his "trench refuge" for a coffee.

Before I left that Hispanic city for good known in other times as Nueva Granada, that friend made another request . He begged with all his heart for me investigate to his subterranean work with the EIDOLON.

I wanted to make an astral exploration of such a depth as well and for this reason I acceded to his plea....

And so it happened one exquisite night with a full moon, I slept very peacefully in the dorsal position (on my back) and with my body well relaxed....

Without any anxiety I proposed to keep watch, to spy on my own sleep... I wanted to use that state of transition that exists between alertness and lethargy, for my astral exit...

When the process of dreaming began, when characteristic dream images started to arise, delicately, feeling like a spirit, I made an effort to eliminate laziness and then rose from the bed...

I left my bedroom as if I was a phantom, walking delicately, next leaving the house... Through the streets of the city floated delightfully, filled with an exquisite spiritual voluptuousness.

It was not difficult to get my bearing; soon I was in the place of events , in the actual terrain...

Before that black, terrible hole which was now more than seventy metres deep, an old dwarf, a pygmy, a respectably white bearded gnome innocently contemplated me.

Floating through the atmosphere I smoothly descended along to the watery bottom of the illfated pit of greed...

With my astral feet touching the slime of the humid, shady earth, I made one more pleasant effort and penetrated beneath the very floor of the well...

How softly I descended with the Eidolon underneath the black depths of such a cavern from which much water flowed!...

Examining in detail every granite rock submerged beneath the chaotic waters, I penetrated very deeply under the subsoil.

It is obvious that my bug-standing friend had left the fabulous treasure above as said in previous paragraphs.

Now in those abysmal regions I saw only before my insignificant persona, stones, mud, water...

Suddenly something unusual happened; I found myself in front of an horizontal canal which left the area leading towards the street...

What a surprise! Sucre had never talked to me about this. he had never told me that he thought to bore horizontally at such depths...

I slid serenely with the EIDOLON through the aforementioned flooded canal advanced some more and then emerged on the surface by the side of the street.

Having concluded the astral exploration, I returned to my physical body; obviously the investigation was marvellous...

Later, when I reported everything to my friend, he looked very sad. That man suffered terribly; he wanted gold, emeralds, riches, greed was engulfing him alive...

But he justified himself saying that all this treasure was necessary to bring about a proletarian revolution, apparently he needed to invest this wealth in armaments, etc.

How dreadful greed is!... in such a place only fear, reigned, distrust, the revolver, the rifle, espionage, cunning, murderous thoughts, the craving to rule, to reign, to be on the top rung, to make himself felt, etc.

When I left that city I took the decision never again to participate in the motives of greed...

Christ said, " Do not store up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy, and where thieves break in and steal. But store up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not destroy, and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also".

CHAPTER 21

TREASON

Side by side, amongst many, the three foul mouths of that villainous worm which pierces the heart of the world stand out Judas, Brutus and Cassius.

Let us return to the felonies of Rome to discover Brutus, marked out by the hand of God with a knife. To refer back to those origins, to savour that sweet poison, is certainly never pleasant, but it is imperative to draw out certain painful memories from the depths of centuries.

In anguished grieving, without any boasting and in a novel state of alertness, I clearly retain the vivid recollection of my Roman reincarnation known by the name of Julius Caesar.

At that time I had to sacrifice myself for humanity, establishing the setting for the fourth subrace of this our fifth race origin.

Blessed God and Virgin Mary! If ever I committed a very grave error, it was in that ancient period of time when I became a member of the Order of Jarretera. However, it is obvious that the Gods wished to pardon me.

To elevate oneself to the highest point above one's acquaintances, is in truth not easy but evidently I managed it, to the surprise of the Roman aristocracy.

I do not feel conceited whilst relating this because I well know that only the Ego likes to scale, to climb to the top of the ladder, to feel as such, etc. In narrating this I am carrying out my duty, that is all.

When leaving for Gaul I begged my beautiful wife Calpurnia to send our two sons to meet me on my return.

Brutus was dying of envy remembering my triumphant entrance into the eternal city yet he seemed to have purposely forgotten my dreadful suffering on the battlefields.

The right to govern that empire was certainly not given to me as a gift. The Divine and the humans well knew how much I had suffered.

I could have saved myself from that treacherous conspiracy if I had known to listen to the old astrologer who visited my mansion.

Unfortunately the demon of jealousy tortured my heart. That old man was very friendly with Calpurnia and this was not much to my liking.

On the morning of that tragic day when I rose from the nuptial bed, my head wreathed with laurels, Calpurnia told me of her dream. She had seen a vision of night in which a star had fallen from the skies to Earth and she warned and begged me not to go to the Senate.

My wife's pleading was in vain. "Today I will go to the Senate," I responded imperiously.

"Remember that family friends have invited us for a meal today in the outskirts of Rome, you accepted the invitation," retorted Calpurnia.

"I cannot attend that meal," I objected.

"Are you going to leave the family waiting, then?"

"I have to go to the Senate..."

Some hours later, accompanied by a charioteer, I was on the way to the Roman eagle Capitol in a chariot of war.

I soon arrived there amidst the tremendous cheering of the enthusiastic crowd.

"Long live Caesar," they shouted...

Some of the city's notability surrounded me in the atrium of the Capitol. I answered their questions, clarifying some points, etc.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the old astrologer appeared before me, he who had previously warned me about the terrible dangers of the Ides of March. Discreetly he handed me a piece of parchment upon which were written the names of the conspirators...

The poor old man wanted to save me but all was futile, in the event I did not listen to him; besides, I found my attention too occupied by so many illustrious Romans...

Later, feeling invincible and invulnerable, with that Caesarian attitude which characterized me, I advanced in the direction of the Senate passing the Olympian columns of the Capitol.

But alas, the conspirators were waiting in ambush behind those heroic pillars; the sharp blade of the murderous dagger ripped my back...

Accustomed by many battles, instinctively I tried to grasp my sword but I felt faint. I saw

Brutus and exclaimed: "You too, my son?"

Then... the terrible fate bore my soul away.

Poor Brutus... The EGO of envy had devoured his insides and the outcome could not have been otherwise.

I had two more reincarnations in the august Rome of the Caesars and later very varied existences with magnificent DHARMA in Europe during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

During the time of the terrible Inquisitor Tomas de Torquemada I was reincarnated in Spain, and this is another very interesting story...

Speaking about the aforementioned Inquisitor and "Holy Office," is certainly very disagreeable, however it is now fitting so to do...

I was then a much celebrated Marquis, who had unfortunately to come into contact with that execrable Inquisitor, as perverse as the other called Juan de Arbuses.

At that time I encountered the traitor Brutus again, bodied within a new human organism.

What an incisive Count, offensive and ironical! He mocked me, what insults! what sarcasm!

I wanted no involvement whatsoever in new controversies and had no appetite for anger...

The coarseness, vulgarity and lack of culture of that nobleman displeased me frightfully, but I did not want to criticize him, it seemed to avoid new duels and for that reason I sought the Inquisitor.

One day, early in the morning, I made my way to the palace of Inquisition. I had to find an intelligent solution to my time-worn problem.

"Ah! My dear Marquis! It's a wonder to see you here! In what way can I be of service?"

So the monk answered my greeting as he settled as always in the doorway of the palace where the duties of Holy Office took place.

"Many thanks your reverence," I said, "I come to request an audience with my Lord, the Inquisitor..."

"Today there are numerous visitors, my dear Marquis, but because it is you, I shall procure an audience immediately."

So saying the friar disappeared, returning moments after...

"Come in, my dear Marquis, I have arranged your audience," he called. "Many thanks, your reverence." I replied.

I crossed the courtyard and entered a hall which was in complete darkness, I went to another chamber and found that one in gloom also, finally I entered the third room and above a table shone a lamp... there, I met the dreadful Inquisitor Torquemada.

That coenobite resembled a saint of course. What an expression! What a beatific attitude!

Such a pious posture! Upon his chest a crucifix glittered.

All that sanctimony, my God! What extremely horrifying hypocrisy... It was obvious that the PHARISEE EGO was strongly established in that blue monk...

After many greetings and bows in accordance with the customs of that time, I sat before the table next to the friar...

"How can I be of service Marquis? Speak up..."

"Thank you very much your lordship..."

"The fact is that the Count so and so has made my life impossible, he insults me because of envy, ridiculing me, he slanders me, etc..."

"Oh! Don't worry about that, Marquis. We have already had many complaints against this Count..."

"I will give orders for his arrest immediately, we will imprison him in the martyrs' tower, we will pull out the nails of his hands and feet and will pour molten lead on his fingers to torture him. Then, we will sear the soles of his feet with burning coals and finally shall burn him alive on a bonfire."

But, for God's sake! Had that monk gone mad? I never thought it would go this far. All I sought - in that Inquisitorial house - was a christian admonition for the Count in whom had been reincorporated those values which were formerly ingrained in Brutus' personality.

Seated before the sacred table, that blue monk with his penitent countenance, the attitude of a pious anchorite, a crucifix hanging from his neck.

That singularly beatific figure, so devout and cruel, so sweet and barbaric, so sanctimonious and perverse...

Such evil, a wolf in sheep's clothing awoke in the interior of my Consciousness something, I know not what, I felt that what I possessed of the Boddhisattva was rebelling, protesting, groaning.

An inner storm erupted in me, lightning, thunder, did not delay in appearing, and then...

Oh God!, what had to happen, occurred...

"You are perverse," I told him. "I did not come here to ask you to burn anyone alive; I came only to request this nobleman be admonished, you are a murderer, and so I do not want to belong to your sect, etc, etc."

"Ah! So that is it, dear Marquis?..."

Infuriated, the prelate vehemently rang a loud hand bell and then as if by a magic how many knights appeared in that place, armed to the teeth.

"Arrest him," exclaimed the abbot.

"One moment!, the rules of chivalry must be respected, remember that we are among knights."

I have no sword, give me one and I will fight each one of you..."

One of the men, faithful to the code of chivalry, handed me a sword and then...

I attacked him like a lion. My reputation as a swordsman was not in vain, (those were my times of the fallen Boddhisattva.)

Just as frozen snowflakes fly through the air on the gust of the ethereal North winds, strong, resplendent helmets, convex shields, heavy breast-plates and ash-wood lances scattered within the inquisitorial precincts.

Its splendour rose up to Uranus and certainly the earth laughed, illuminated by the brilliance of bronze, trembling under the feet of the fighters, amongst them myself, struggling in pitched battle against the other knight...

Just as a light ship is smashed when the waters of the sea, swollen by the winds, which rush vehemently from the clouds, assail it covering it completely with surf, whilst the wind howls through the sails, frightening the sailors with approaching death, so fear was destroying the hearts in the chests of those knights who were watching the battle...

Obviously I was victorious in the uproarious clash of steel, only I missed the best thrust to put that fighter out of combat...

Terrified by the inevitable proximity of the terrible Sovereign Fates, the knights forgot all rules of chivalry and then as a mob they attacked me...

I did not expect that, it was too hard for me to defend myself against that well-armed throng...

I had to struggle until I was exhausted, weaken, beaten, for they were many...

What took place afterwards is easy to guess; I was burnt alive on a bonfire in that very courtyard of the palace of Inquisition...

I was mercilessly lashed to a stake over green wood which blazed with a slow fire, I felt pain that is impossible to describe in words then I saw how my poor flesh incinerated, fell off into the flames...

But, human pain, no matter how severe, also has a well defined limit, beyond which is happiness.

It is not so strange that at the end I experienced a certain happiness, I felt about me something

very pleasant, as if a refreshing and beneficent shower had fallen from the sky...

It occurred to me to take a step. How light I felt! I left the palace walking very slowly... very slowly... I weighed nothing. I was disembodied.

So it was that I died during the dreadful period of the "Holy Inquisition."

The fourteenth Arcane from the Golden Book (The Tarot) teaches us that the Water of Life flows from one amphora to another...

It is not so strange that after that tempestuous reincarnation, with so many noble titles which were of no avail before the terrible Inquisitor Thomas de Torquemada, I returned to take a physical body...

At that time I was called Simeon Bleler and I travelled through New Spain (Nueva Espana).

It is not my purpose to speak about my new life in this present chapter, nor about my previous existence in long ago porphyritic Mexico, I only wish now to tell of my present-day reincarnation.

Life's Nemesis had to renew my contact with those values which were formerly reincorporated in the personality of Brutus.

I permitted a certain gentleman, who returned with such values, to do a particular job in the temple. Many people listened to him and he even seemed to be full of sincerity. He spoke of Gnosis and the people applauded...

But suddenly something unusual happened. One day he entered the Sanctuary with an aggressive attitude...

He stormed! He thundered! He flashed! He became an insulter. I then confined myself to forgiveness and blessing. Then afterwards he menacingly withdrew...

That Ego had returned to its old deeds with its well-known slanders and threats.

Such absurdities and unfounded defamation had as its background certain baseless dreams in which he saw me in very dark streets committing fabricated crimes.

It becomes manifestly clear that the perverse spirit which he saw in his absurd dreams was an EGO he created himself in Ancient Rome...

This EGO of Brutus, assumed my very own form and figure on his subconscious impulses.

It is fitting to comment that one of his other EGOS assumed a Jesus Christ-like form, and entrusted him with a mission to assassinate me. This he publicly declared in the square...

In order to be freed from such an ancestral enemy, it was necessary to put the matter into the hands of ANUBIS, the Head of the Lords of Karma...

Since then, Brutus has become estranged to me and it has been a long time since I have seen him in this physical world.

From what has been said about Brutus and his dream-like visions it is clear that nobody can really become a competent investigator of life in the superior worlds until they have dissolved the psychological EGO and all the subjective elements which condition perception.

Ungrateful to his benefactors, with much work as a knight, none the less Brutus accepted Gnosis and the SAHAJA MAITHUNA...

Without restraining himself in the knowledge of a cause, but turning his back on the Guru (Master), he worked in VULCAN'S FIERY FORGE in vain because DEVI KUNDALINI never rewards treason...

Even if one works very seriously with SEX-YOGA, the igneous serpent of our magic powers will never ascend the spine of traitors, murderers, adulterers, rapists and pervers...

Devi Kundalini never becomes an accomplice to crime, the Sacred Fire ascends in accordance with the merits of the heart.

Sexual Magic is essential but without sanctity, spiritual achievement is impossible...

Brutus was lamentably mistaken in thinking KUNDALINI to be mechanical; the Divine Mother is very exacting...

For the indignant all doors but one are closed - that of repentance. Unfortunately Brutus did not wish to knock on that door and instead of rising up through the spinal canal, the Sacred Fire was cast down from the coccyx transforming itself into the abominable organ KUNDARTIGUADOR - Satan's tail...

One starry night in the superior worlds, whilst talking with my great friend, the radiant Angel Adonai who now has a physical body, I received an extraordinary piece of news.

That man (Brutus) - said the Angel - has awoken in evil and for evil.

This was confirmed some days later upon encountering him in the superior worlds...

We conclude the present chapter with the words heard in ecstasy by Daniel, the Eternal Prophet, which refer to the end of time...

"And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.

"And they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness will shine as the stars for ever and ever.

"But you, O Daniel, shut up the words and seal the book, until the time of the end. Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased."

CHAPTER 22

UNDERSTANDING

To try to understand any kind of psychological defect in depth, we have to be honest with ourselves.

Unfortunately, Pilate, the Demon of the Mind, always washes his hands, is never guilty, never recognizes his errors...

We must recognize our own mistakes without self-justification, excuses and without any kind of evasion.

Self exploration is essential for profound self-knowledge and the departure from a radical zero base.

The interior pharisee is an obstacle to comprehension. To presume that we are virtuous is absurd. Once I asked my teacher the following question: "Is there any difference between your Divine Monad and mine?"

The Master answered: "None, because you and I and everyone of us is no more than an rotten snail within the innermost bosom of The Father.

To judge others and label them as black magicians is incongruous because all human beings, as long as they have not dissolved the pluralised Ego, are black magicians more or less...

The intimate exploration of ourselves is certainly something to be taken very seriously; the Ego is in reality a book of many volumes.

Instead of paying homage to the execrable Demon Algol, it is better to drink the wine of meditation in the goblet of perfect concentration...

Full attention, natural and spontaneous, in whatever we are interested in without artificialities is truly perfect concentration.

Any error is multi-faceted and inevitably operates in the forty nine dens of the subconscious.

A psychological gymnasium is indispensable; fortunately we have it in life itself.

The path of family life with its infinite, sometimes painful details, is the best chamber of the gymnasium.

The productive and creative job through which we earn our daily bread is another chamber of marvels.

Many aspirants to the superior life desperately wish to escape their workplace; not to walk round the streets of their village; to take refuge in the forest with the intention of seeking ultimate liberation...

Those poor people are like silly children who play truant, who do not attend classes, who search for escape.

To live from instant to instant in a state of alert perception, alert novelty, like the lookout in time of war, is both essential and imperative if in reality we want to dissolve the pluralised Ego.

In human interrelations, in the co-existence with our fellow human beings, there are infinite possibilities of self-discovery.

It is well known that in these interrelations, the multiple defects we carry hidden in the unknown depths of the unconscious always emerge naturally, spontaneously and, if we are vigilant, we see and discover them.

However, it is obvious that self-vigilance must always proceed from moment to moment.

A discovered psychological defect must be completely understood in the various recesses of the mind.

In depth comprehension is impossible without the practice of meditation.

Any intimate defect is multi-faceted and has diverse links and roots which have to be studied judiciously.

Self-revelation is possible when there is complete understanding of the defect that we sincerely want to eliminate.

New Self-determination springs up from the Consciousness when comprehension is total.

Superlative Analysis is useful if it is combined with deep meditation, then the flame of comprehension appears.

The dissolution of all those aggregate psyches, which constitute the Ego is hastened if we know how to take maximum advantage of the worst adversities.

The difficult psychological gymnasiums - in the home, the street or at work - always offer the best opportunities.

To covet virtues is absurd; it is better to make radical changes.

Control of intimate defects is superficial and condemned to failure.

Deep change is fundamental and it is possible only by wholly understanding every mistake.

By eliminating the aggregate psyche that constitutes the myself, the Id, we establish adequate foundations for correct action in our consciousness.

Superficial changes serve no purpose. We urgently need, without postponement, in depth change.

Understanding is the first step and elimination the second.

CHAPTER 23

ELIMINATION

Subliminal chemical intercourse causes transcendental nervous tremors and extraordinary auric vibrations between the very different components of the human couple - Adam-Eve. Divine radiations of a sexual kind have been qualified by the best esoteric writers as "Odic Light."

Science, having commenced the study of the astral theory of the human body, sees fit to use the terminology of ancient tradition for greater simplicity.

Here the "OD" is, beyond any doubt, the brilliant positive active magnetism which is directed by the marvellous power of the conscious will.

Here the "OB" is the passive magnetic fluid very wisely governed by the intelligent faculty known as creative imagination.

Here the "AUR" is the distinguished luminous agent, the *Genius Lucis* of the cosmic amphitheatre.

A regal image which guards with sublime harmony the sexual magnetism of Eros, is known as the famous Caduceus of Mercury encircled by snakes. The flaming solar viper on the right represents OD. The moist lunar snake on the left allegorizes OB. At the magnificent tip of the mysterious Caduceus, gloriously shines the globe of AUR or the equivalent to light.

Through metaphysical intercourse, the nitrogen and magnesium of ancient alchemists, the polarized astral light undergoes remarkable change.

Such intimate alteration secretly influences electrochemical relations in the most vital units of our organism in order to transform its structure.

Waldemar says: "When chemists tell us that all the bio-catalysts of an organism appear to be an ordered system of inferior tele-causal factors, which act in accordance with life, in other words in the service of the superior objectives of the organism, it is not difficult to conclude that the formation of internal emotions, reflections and impulses, depend on the radio-causal factors of the aura.

"Let us look, in a comparative way," says Waldemar, "at the relationship between the living substance of ions and electrons and we will be considerably nearer to comprehending the aforementioned."

It is clear and obvious that at that marvellous instant in the garden of delights, at the exquisite moment when the male organ enters deep into the woman's vagina, a very exceptional kind of electric induction takes place.

It is undoubtable then that the tele-causal factors of the aura undergoing electric impulses, offer surprising possibilities.

In depth psychological change can emerge in the profundity of the Consciousness if we know how to intelligently make use of the cosmic opportunity presented to us...

We lose such a marvellous opportunity only when we intend to gratify our senses.

Unhappy wretch, the Samson of The Kabbala who allows Delilah to make him sleep, the Hercules of Science who exchanges the sceptre of power for the spindle of Onfalia, very soon he will feel the vengeance of Deyanira and there will be no alternative but the fire of mount Eta to escape the devouring torments of the tunic of Neso.

Lustfulness is an abomination; to fall like a beast into the bed of Procrustes is equivalent to the loss of the best opportunities.

Instead of the fatal incontinence of the sexual libido it is better to pray. It is written with words of fire in the book of all enigmas that intercourse is a form of prayer.

The Gnostic Patriarch, Saint Augustine, stated emphatically: "Why are we not to believe that humans, before the fall into sin, could dominate the sexual organs in the same way as they do the other parts of the body, which serve soul through desire without either trouble or excitation?"

Saint Augustine proposes the incontrovertible thesis that only after sin or taboo was libido formed (despotic agitation, arbitrary carnality or instinct, uncontrollable sexual potency).

After sin, Nature, which was not previously ashamed, sensed libido, noticed and felt shame, because the sovereign power which it originally gave to all parts of the body was lost.

The secret of happiness of the Inner God of each creature consists in the relationship of He with himself..

The correct divine state is, beyond all doubt, that of supreme happiness, desire and sexual enjoyment which remains invariable through the Aeons and which comes from the relationship of the divinity with itself..

In ultimate extremity, the seven cosmos that shine gloriously in infinite space, sexually entwine...

Why should MICRO-COSMIC man be an exception? HE and SHE always adore each other... you know that..

Sexual joy then, is a legitimate right of man and comes as we have already said from the relationship of divinity with itself.

In other words, we emphasize transcendental reality by saying that SEXUAL JOY is terribly Divine.

Saint Albert said that spiritual man must direct carnal intercourse towards a moral objective and that a sexual function based only on the pleasure of the senses pertains to the most infamous of vices.

In these instances it is appropriate to remember that the tablets of Law, wherein Moses inscribed by order of Iod-Heve the brilliant precepts of the Decalogue, are nothing but a double spear of Runes upon the phallic significance of which we must meditate profoundly.

Love is the *Fiat lux* of the **Book of Moses**, the great cosmic sexual desideratum, the divine Law for all continents, seas, worlds and spaces.

The SAHAJA MAITHUNA, SEX-YOGA, is the glittering, eternal foundation of the luminous and spermatic Fiat of the first moment.

It is unquestionable that if we valiantly grasp the sexual spear of Eros with the sincere purpose of reducing in successive order, to cosmic dust, each one of the various subjective elements we carry within, then light is brought forth.

Inside each one of the varied, argumentative, loud-mouthed Egos which personify our psychological errors, exists substance, spiritual Essence.

Just as when the atom is split it liberates energy, so the total disintegration of any of the various infernal Egos liberates Essence, Light...

We should then make Light, create Light...

"Light more Light" cried Goethe with all the force of his soul, moments before his death. Comprehension is basic in transcendental psychology but it is obviously not all, we need to eliminate.

The key is in DEVI KUNDALINI, the igneous serpent of our magic powers.

It is impossible to eliminate the Ego-Devils (psychological defects) without the aid of Devi Kundalini, you know that...

"IO", our Particular Cosmic Mother, is certainly the marvellous unfolding of our own Divine Monad, even though it is without concrete form, it can if so wished, assume a human, maternal figure...

In the supreme moment of sexual surrender, at the height of intercourse, meditate and pray so as not to fall into temptation...

In these moments of happiness, plead with all the force of your Soul, implore your Divine Mother Kundalini to eliminate the Ego-Devil from your interior. I am referring to the psychological defect which through profound meditation you have understood in all levels of the mind. By this means we die from moment to moment. Only with Death comes the knew.

CHAPTER 24

THE SACRED FIRE

The descent to the NINTH SPHERE (Sex) was, from ancient times, the utmost proof of the supreme dignity of the Hierophant: Hermes, Buddha, Jesus, Dante, Zoroaster, Quetzalcoatl, etc, etc, had to undergo this terrible test.

Mars descends there to temper his sword again and conquer the heart of Venus, Hercules to clean the stables of Augias and Perseus in order to cut off the head of Medusa with his flaming sword...

A perfect circle with the magic point in the centre, sidereal and hermetic symbol of the starking and the substantial principle of Life, Light and cosmic Consciousness, is beyond doubt the marvellous sexual emblem.

Such a symbol clearly expresses the masculine and feminine principles of the NINTH SPHERE.

It is beyond question that the active principle of irradiation and penetration is complemented in the Ninth Dantesque Circle with the passive principle of reception and absorption.

The Biblical Serpent shows us the image of the Creative Logos or sexual force that begins its manifestation from a state of latent potential.

The Serpentine Fire, the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers, sleeps coiled three and a half times inside the Chakra Muladhara which is situated in the coccyx bone.

If we reflect very seriously upon the existing intimate relationship between the "S" and "TAO", CROSS OR "T", we come to the logical conclusion that only through the SAHAJA MAITHUNA (Sexual Magic) can the snake creator awake.

The **KEY**, the **SECRET** which has been published in almost all my previous books, consists of never in life spilling the Vessel of Hermes (the *Ens Seminis*) during sexual trance.

The connection of LINGAM-YONI (phallus-uterus) without ever ejaculating that liquid, flexible, malleable, transparent (the Ens Seminis) because in this aforementioned substance, which fornicators miserably spill, is found in a latent state all the *Ens Virtutis* of Fire.

OM, obedient to the Goddess, who resembles a wondrously adorned Serpent asleep in the Swayambhulingam, she enjoys the beloved and other raptures. She is captivated by the wine and radiates with millions of rays. She will be awoken during SEXUAL MAGIC by air and fire with the mantras YAM and DRAM and by the mantra HUM (pronounced Hooooooooom).

Chant these mantras in the precious moments when the phallus is inside the uterus, in this way will we awaken the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers.

I. A. O. (pronounced Eeeeeeee, Aaaaaaagh, Ooooooooooh) is the basic mantra fundamental to the SAHAJA MAITHUNA, intone each letter separately, prolonging its sound when working in the *laboratorium oratorium* of the THIRD LOGOS (in full metaphysical intercourse).

The sexual transmutation of *Ens Seminis* into creative energy is a legitimate axiom of Hermetic wisdom.

The polarization of this type of cosmic energy within the human organism, was from ancient times very carefully analysed in the Initiation Schools of Egypt, Mexico, Greece, India, Persia etc.

The miraculous ascension of seminal energy to the brain is possible owing to a certain pair of nerve cords in the shape of an eight, which unwind splendidly round to the right and left of the spinal column.

We have come then to the Caduceus of Mercury, with the Spirit's wings wondrously open...

The aforementioned pair of nerve cords can never be encountered with the scalpel. These two threads are much more of an ethereal, four dimensional nature.

Without doubt those are the two witnesses of the Apocalypse of Saint John; the two olives and the two candlesticks which are before the God of the World.

In the sacred country of the Vedas, this pair of nerves are traditionally known by the sanskrit names of Ida and Pingala. The first being connected to the left nostril, the second to the right.

It is clear that the first of these two Nadis is of a lunar nature and evidently the second is of a solar type.

Many Gnostic students may be a little surprised to learn that Ida has a cold and lunar nature and with its roots in the right testicle.

The information that Pingala is an exclusively solar type and actually starts from the left testicle can seem a little unusual and peculiar to many disciples in our International Gnostic Movement.

However we should not be surprised because everything in Nature is based on the law of polarities.

The right testicle meets its opposite pole precisely at the left nostril.

The left testicle meets its perfect opposite pole at the right nostril.

Gnostic esoteric physiology teaches us that in the female sex the two witnesses start from the ovaries.

Undoubtedly, in women the arrangement of this pair of "Temple Olives" is harmoniously inverted.

Ancient traditions that emerge as if by magic from the deep night of all ages, say that when the solar and lunar atoms of the seminal system make contact in the Tribeni near the coccyx, then electric induction, a third force of magic type awakens. I refer to the KUNDALINI, the mystic Fire of the Gnostic AHRAT through which we can reduce the animal EGO to cosmic dust.

It is written in the age old texts of ancient wisdom that the inferior orifice of the spinal cord in ordinary people is hermetically sealed. It is opened by seminal vapours so that the Sacred Snake can get through.

All along the spinal cord a marvellous interplay is processed of various canals which permeate and interpenetrate one another without confusion because they are located in different dimensions.

It is not superfluous to mention the glorious Sushumna, the famous Chitra, Centralis and Brahmanadi. Unquestionably from the latter ascends the Blazing Fire.

When dealing with truth, we must be very honest. It is certainly a terrible lie to venture to say that after having incarnated the JIVATMA (THE BEING) in the heart, the Sacred

Serpent embarks upon a return journey to the CHAKRA MULADHARA and is re-enclosed.

It is a dreadful falsehood to affirm before God and humanity that the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers, after enjoying its union with PARAMASHIVA, cruelly separates initiating its journey down to the centre of the coccyx.

Such a fatal return, such a descent to MULADHARA, is only possible when the Initiate spills the semen in the act of intercourse and thereby loses the flaming sword and falls head-long into the abyss beneath the terrible ray of Cosmic Justice.

The ascension of the KUNDALINI along the spinal cord is achieved very slowly in accordance with the heart's merits. The fires of the heart control the miraculous development of the Sacred Serpent.

DEVI KUNDALINI is not something mechanical as many suppose; the Igneous Serpent is only awakened with genuine Love between husband and wife and it will never rise up along the medullar canal of adulterers.

In a previous chapter of this book reference was made to three types of seducers: Don Juan Tenorio, Casanova and the Devil.

The third is obviously the most dangerous. We must therefore not be surprised that this class - the diabolic type - under the pretext of practicing the SAHAJA MAITHUNA, seduces many naive young women.

It is well to know that when Hadit, the Winged Serpent of Light, awakens to begin its course up along the spinal cord, a mysterious sound is emitted very similar to that of any viper when teased with a stick.

The diabolic type whose seduction is here, there and everywhere under the pretext of working in the NINTH SPHERE, who abandons his wife because he thinks she will not be useful to him for the work in the FIERY FORGE OF VULCAN, instead of awakening Kundalini, will awaken the abominable organ KUNDARTIGUADOR.

A certain Initiate whose name will not be mentioned in this Treatise, commits the error of attributing to the KUNDALINI all the sinister qualities of the abominable organ KUNDARTIGUADOR.

It is evident that such an error causes very serious damage among the circles of pseudoesotericists and pseudo-occultists.

It is urgent to understand without delay that it is impossible to eliminate all the brawling, loud-mouthed EGOS we carry within if we do not call on the help of KUNDALINI.

The Initiate who commits the crime of declaring himself against KUNDALINI at an ill-fated moment, will be punished accordingly by the Judges of the Law of KATANCIA. (I refer to the judges of Superior Karma, before whom the Masters of the White Lodge appear.)

In the name of THAT which has no name, I say: KUNDALINI is the MYSTIC DUALITY, GOD-MOTHER, ISIS, MARY or, better called, RAM-IO, ADONIA, INSOBERTA, REA, CIBELES, TONANZIN, etc - the transcendental unfolding of every Divine Monad in the very depths of our BEING.

Analysing the roots I clarify: The word KUNDALINI comes from two terms, KUNDA and LINI

KUNDA: reminds us of the abominable organ KUNDARTIGUADOR.

LINI: Atlantean word signifying the END.

KUNDALINI: the end of the abominable organ KUNDARTIGUADOR.

It is obvious that with the ascent of the Sacred Flame along the medullar canal, the organ of abominations reaches its end, and concludes the blind force of Fohat.

This negative Fohat is the sinister agent in our organism through which the ideo-plastic becomes a series of Egos which personify our psychological defects.

When the Fire is cast downwards from the Chakra of the COCCYX, the tail of Satan appears - the abominable organ KUNDARTIGUADOR.

The hypnotic power of the organ of Aquelarres holds the human multitude asleep and depraved.

Those who commit the crime of practicing BLACK TANTRISM (SEXUAL MAGIC WITH SEMINAL EJACULATION), evidently awaken and develop the organ of all fatalities.

Those who betray their Guru or Master, even if practicing WHITE TANTRISM (WITHOUT SEMINAL EJACULATION), will obviously set the organ of all evils in action.

Such sinister power opens the seven doorways of the lower abdomen (the seven infernal Chakras) and converts us into terribly perverse demons.

CHAPTER 25

THE SEMINAL PEARL

In this chapter of the Christmas Message 1971-72, we arrive at something very distressing which cannot be emphasized enough and which we have been able to verify through many years of constant observation and experience.

In plain language, I wish to refer to Mythomania, a marked tendency amongst people affiliated to various metaphysical schools.

Apparently very straightforward people, after hallucinations, become Mythomaniacs overnight.

Without doubt such people with subjective psyches almost always manage to take many who are unwary by surprise, they in their turn becoming followers.

The Mythomaniac is like a wall without foundations, a light push is enough for it to become rubble.

The Mythomaniac believes that occultism is like the twinkling of an eye and overnight he declares himself to be Mahatma, a resurrected Master, Hierophant, etc.

The Mythomaniac generally has impossible lures and invariably suffers from what is called "DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR".

This type of people present themselves as reincarnations of Masters or fabulous legendary heroes from fiction.

However, it is clear that we must place emphasis on something that deserves explanation.

Egotist centres of the animal subconscious which in interchangeable relations follow determined mental groups, can through association and imaginary reflexes rouse something like "spirits" which are almost invariably only illusory forms, personifications of the same PLURALIZED EGO.

It is not unusual for some aggregate psyche to assume a "Jesus Christian" form in order to issue false oracles...

Any of these many entities which in conjunction constitute that which is called EGO can, if it so wishes, acquire the form of a Mahatma or Guru and so when the dreamer returns to a state of wakefulness, will say of himself, "I am Self-Realized, I am a Master."

It must be observed with respect to this matter that in the subconscious of all people lies the latent tendency to take advantage of personification.

This then is the classical reason for which many Asiatic GURUS forewarn all possible forms of SELF-DECEIT, before initiating their disciples in Transcendental Magic.

A monk visited T'ai-Shan, who shut the door in his face. The monk knocked on the door and T'ai-Shan asked: "Who is it?" The monk answered, "The Lion's Cub." Then T'ai-Shan opened the door and jumped onto the monk's neck whilst shouting "Animal! Where will you go now?" The monk did not reply.

The term "Lion's Cub" is used by Zen Buddhists to describe a disciple who is capable of understanding True Zen. When the Masters praise a disciple's comprehension, or they wish to test him, this term is usually employed.

In this case, the monk presumptuously names himself the Lion's Cub, but when T'ai-Shan tests him, treating him like a real Lion's Cub as he clambered onto his neck and asked an esoteric question, the monk did not know how to answer.

This is evidence that the monk lacked the authentic understanding which he pretended to possess.

Such a monk was in fact a man whose consciousness was asleep, was sincerely mistaken, a Mythomaniac.

One day, in the Monastery of Nan- Chuan, monks from the east wing had a fight with those from the west wing over possession of a cat. All of them gathered round Nan-Chuan for him to officiate as judge.

Brandishing a Knife in one hand and the cat in the other, Nan- Chuan said: "If any of you can guess what has to be said, the cat will be saved, otherwise, I will cut it in two." Not one of the monks knew what to say. And so, Nan- chuan killed the cat.

That night when Chao Chou returned to the Monastery, Nan- Chuan asked him what he would have said if he had been present. Chao Chou took off his straw sandals, placed them on his head and went away. Then Nan-Chuan commented: "Oh! if you had been here the cat would have been saved."

Chao Chou was obviously a man of awakened Consciousness, a genuine Illuminati.

It is impossible to awaken the consciousness, making it totally objective, without previously eliminating the subjective elements of perception. Such sub-human elements are formed by the whole multiplicity of brawling, loud-mouthed Egos that in conjunction constitute the "EGO", the "MYSELF".

The ESSENCE, imprisoned within all the subjective, incoherent entities, sleeps profoundly.

The annihilation of each one of these sub-human entities is essential to liberate the Essence.

Only by the emancipation and consequent awakening of the Essence, does Enlightenment come.

Hindustani Yogis try to awaken Consciousness through the KUNDALINI; unfortunately they do not teach the didactics, the procedure.

They say that when the KUNDALINI sleeps coiled within the Chakra Muladhara, man is awakened in this vale of tears. This is absolutely false because the intellectual humanoid wherever found, whether in the physical world or in the superior dimensions of Nature, is always asleep.

They say that when the KUNDALINI wakes, man sleeps in this bitter land, loses Consciousness of the world and penetrates into his causal body. Such an affirmation is profoundly utopian for two reasons:

- 1) The three-brained, three-centred biped mistakenly called man, is always asleep here and now, not only has he already lost planetary Consciousness, furthermore - and this is worse - he continues to degenerate.
- 2) The rational animal has no Causal Body, he must fabricate it through Sexual Alchemy in the Fiery Forge of Vulcan.

The most important principle is that, when the KUNDALINI is awakened, it ceases to be as a static power and is transformed into a dynamic potency.

To learn to manage the active power of KUNDALINI is imperative in order to awaken Consciousness.

At the height of chemical intercourse we must intelligently direct the rays of KUNDALINI against the Red Demons (Egos) within which the ESSENCE, the CONSCIOUSNESS is unfortunately trapped.

The hunter who wants to catch ten hares at the same time, catches nothing; so also the Gnostic who yearns simultaneously to eliminate the various Egos, fails lamentably.

Esoteric work which is directed towards the dissolving of any psychological defect, is a veritable riddle; not only must we previously understand the defect in question in each and every subconscious level of the mind, moreover we must eliminate each of the Egos which characterize it.

By any reckoning, it is outstandingly clear that very lengthy and patient work is necessary for the elimination of any psychological defect.

Many aspirants who have arrived in this three-dimensional Euclidean world absolutely chaste, failed miserably in the supersensitive worlds when put to the test; demonstrating with conclusive and definitive facts that they were fornicators and adulterers.

Any psychological defect can disappear from the intellectual zone and continue existing in the various regions of the subconscious.

Someone could be an honourable person in this physical world and ever as far as the forty eighth subconscious zone and nonetheless fail in the forty ninth.

Now our beloved readers must reflect and understand how difficult it is to awaken the Consciousness, to become a "Lion's Cub", understand True Zen and experience TAO.

It is not so easy to awaken the Consciousness; it is necessary to liberate the Essence, to remove it from within its subconscious (habitation), to destroy such habitats, turning them to dust. This is a gradual process, very slow, painful and difficult.

The amount of liberated ESSENCE is proportionate to the percentage of increased Consciousness.

The intellectual humanoids mistakenly called men in truth possess only three per cent of Consciousness, if they had even ten per cent, wars would be impossible on the face of the Earth.

The original ESSENCE which is liberated at the beginning of the process of Death is unquestionably that becomes THE SEMINAL PEARL. This is the mathematical point of Consciousness mentioned in the gospel of Tao. Here the Mystery of the Golden Blossom begins.

The Mythomaniac boasts of being Enlightened without having liberated the ESSENCE, without even possessing the SEMINAL PEARL.

People with subjective psyches are absolutely utopian. They mistakenly suppose that they can be Enlightened without having achieved the death of the EGO in a radical and definitive way.

These people do not want to understand that by being self-imprisoned, genuine, objective Enlightenment is completely impossible.

It is obvious that when the ESSENCE is bottled up within the PLURALIZED EGO, self imprisonment exists.

The imprisoned ESSENCE only functions in accordance with its own conditioning. The EGO is SUBJECTIVE and SUB-HUMAN. Obviously the perceptions that the Essence receives through the senses of the PLURALIZED EGO are deformed and absurd.

This invites us to comprehend how difficult it is to reach true objective Enlightenment.

The price of Enlightenment is paid with one's own Life. In the Sacred land of the Vedas there are Chelas-Disciples that after thirty years of intensive work are only at the beginning, in the prologue of their work.

The Mythomaniac wants to be Enlightened overnight presumes to be wise and believes himself a God.

CHAPTER 26

THE GOLDEN EMBRYO

The Mystery of the Golden Blossom says: "Purify your heart, clean your thoughts, cut down your appetite and conserve the semen."

"If thoughts are durable, so too will be the semen; if the semen is durable, so also will be the power; if the power is lasting, the Spirit will be as well."

"The power of the kidneys is located under the Symbol of Water. When the impulses are roused, it flows downwards, directed to the exterior and produces offspring. When it is directed back by the power of thought, upwardly invading the crucible of the creator, it refreshes and nourishes heart and body, it is the (ebb-tide method). (These are words from the cited Taoist text.)"

Let us now transcribe another Tantric Asana by the princely author of the ANANGARANGA. This is the posture Uttbia:

"This psychical act is carried out standing up. Only men who are physically very strong use this posture:

"A. Firstly the couple stand facing each other, then the man takes the woman between his knees, he lifts her, supporting her in the crook of his arms and performs intercourse while she holds his neck.

"B. The man raises one of the woman's legs while she keeps the other firmly on the floor. Young women find this position especially pleasing.

"C. While the man stands with his legs spread apart, the woman holds him in her arms with her legs round his hips, he supports her with his hands in such a way that she is completely suspended from him."

It is vital, cardinal and definitive in life never to ejaculate seminal fluid.

It is imperative to cause the return of sexual energy inwards and upwards without ever spilling the "Vessel of Hermes".

"This method of ebb or recurrence fulfils that rotatory movement of light through which the forces of the sky and the earth are crystallized in a Golden Flower in the body.

"Seminal energy that is directed outwards (flowing downwards) produces a dissipation and diminishing of Spiritual Consciousness."

Through the sublimation of life and the procreative forces, the phenomenon of rebirth can be reached: the "point of the Vital Elixir", the "Seminal Pearl", is born, thus forming the Golden Embryo or *puer aeternus* which develops and transforms our immortal, spiritual, principles.

The wise author of ANANGARANGA teaches us another very interesting Tantric Asana that I shall subsequently transcribe:

"Elephant Position: The woman lies down in such a way that her face, breast and belly touch the bed or rug. The man then approaches her from behind and introduces his virile member very gently into the vulva, retiring before spasm to avoid ejaculating the semen."

The Purushayita - Banda makes the woman the active element whilst the man stays passive lying on his back. She positions herself on top of the man grasping the Phallus in her right hand and introducing it into her Vulva, she then initiates a very slow, delightful, erotic movement while invoking Kamadeva to help her in the MAITHUNA.

The consecrated woman - the Suvani - knows how to voluntarily clench the sphincter controlling the Yoni to the maximum, so as to avoid orgasm and the loss of sexual fluid. (Tantric Initiation teaches this way.)

It is appropriate at this stage to add the following: In the event that an spasm does happen unexpectedly, the man must prevent seminal ejaculation by instantly withdrawing and lying on the floor on his back.

In these instances, close the right and left nostrils by sealing them with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand. Try holding the breath in this way for as long as possible. Send the nervous current towards the sexual sphincters or escape valves with the aim of preventing spilling the Vessel of Hermes. Imagine that the seminal energy ascends through Ida and Pingala up to the brain.

The Tantric ASANAS taught by the great Initiates in the sacred land of the Ganges are marvellous for the SAHAJA MAITHUNA.

Chemical intercourse, metaphysical copulation of the Tantra Initiation is truly transcendental.

In those moments of unquestionable heavenly delight, we must entreat our personal Divine Mother Kundalini - since every person has their own Igneous Serpent - to eliminate from within us any defect which we have totally understood in all the nooks and crannies of the mind.

She, the Adorable, grasps the lance of Eros and reduces that Diabolic Ego, which personifies the understood defect, to ashes.

In this way the Essence will be progressively liberated in keeping with the rate at which we destroy our Egos.

In this way and by this method the "Seminal Pearl" will develop by the increase in various percentages of Essence until it transforms into the "Golden Embryo."

Unquestionably, the awakening of the Consciousness evolves marvellously in the Mystery of the Golden Blossom.

The Golden Embryo entrusts us with Self-Consciousness and Objective Transcendental Knowledge.

The Golden Embryo transforms us into conscious citizens of the superior worlds.

CHAPTER 27

THE HINAYANA SCHOOL

The conquest of the *Ultra Mare Vitae* or Super-Himnial and Ultra Terrestrial World would be more than impossible if we commit the error of underestimating women.

The delightful Word of ISIS arises from the deep bosom of all ages awaiting the moment of its fulfillment.

The ineffable words of the Goddess NEITH have been carved with letters of Gold on the resplendent walls of the temple of wisdom.

"I AM WHAT I HAVE BEEN, WHAT I AM AND WHAT WILL BE AND NO MORTAL HAS LIFTED MY VEIL."

The early religion of Jaina or Jainism, that is to say, the golden, solar quiritaria and superhuman doctrine of the Jinas is absolutely sexual. This you know.

It is written with burning coals in the Book of Life that during the Golden Age of Lacio and Liguria, the Divine King Janus or Saturn (I.A.O., BACCHUS, JEHOVAH IOD-HEVE) ruled wisely over those holy people, all the Aryan tribes, although they were of very diverse origins and eras.

And so, my God!... How happily Jinas and men lived together in such periods of Ancient Arcadia.

From within the ineffable mystic idyll, commonly called "THE ENCHANTMENT OF GOOD FRIDAY", we feel from the bottom of our hearts that in our sexual organs there exists a terribly Divine power which can either liberate or enslave man.

Sexual energy contains within itself the living archetype of authentic Solar Man, which must take shape within us.

Many suffering souls wish to enter transcendental Monsalvat but unfortunately this is more than impossible due to the Veil of ISIS or adamic sexual Veil.

In the ineffable bliss of the Jinas paradise, a divine humanity certainly exists which is invisible to mortals' senses because of their sins and limitations, born of sexual abuse.

It is written with characters of fire in the great Book of Life that in the Jaina or Jina Cross is miraculously concealed the untold secret of the Great Arcane, the marvellous key of sexual transmutation.

It is not difficult to comprehend that such a Magic Cross is the same Swastika of the great mysteries.

Within the delightful ecstasy of the yearning Soul, we can and ought to come into mystic contact with Janus, the austere and sublime Hierophant of Jina who in the ancient continent of Mu taught the Science of Jinas.

In the hidden Tibet, two schools exist which mutually combat, I refer clearly to the Mahayana and Hinayana institutions.

In our next chapter we shall speak about the former of these two Institutions. For now we shall only concern ourselves with the School of Hinayana.

It is evident that the Hinayana Path is in profound depth, Buddhistic and Christic.

On this mysterious Path we encounter with mystic amazement the faithful guardians of the Holy Grail or the Initiatory Stone, that is to say, the supreme Religion-Synthesis, which was the earliest in humanity: the doctrine of Sexual Magic.

Jana, Swana or Jainism is then the doctrine of that ancient God of war and action called Janus, the Divine Lord of two faces, androgynous transposition of the Egyptian Hermes and of many other Gods of the Mayan - Quechuan and Aztec Pantheons, whose imposing and majestically carved sculptures in the living rock can still be seen in Mexico.

The Greco-Roman myth still preserves the memory of the exile of Janus or Jainus in Italy, because Kronos or Saturn had cast him out of heaven, in other words, the legendary memory of his descent to Earth as an instructor and guide for humanity in order to give mankind the primary Natural Religion Jina or Jainism.

Jainism or Jaina is obviously also the marvellous Sino-Tibetan Doctrine of Dan, Ch'an Tsung, Shuan, Ioan, Huang-Ti or Dhyani-Choan, characteristics of all the esoteric schools of the Aryan world with its roots in submerged Atlantis.

The Secret Doctrine, the original Jainist Doctrine, is based on the Philosopher's Stone, on sex, on the Sahaja Maithuna.

Gnostic Doctrine is infinitely superior, much older than Brahmanism itself, it is the original Hinayana school of the narrow path which leads to the Light.

The truly admirable Doctrine of Salvation, of which many memories remain in Central Asia and China as well as in Universal Masonry, where we still find surviving, for example, the symbolic Jain Cross or Swastika (from the Swan, the Hamsa, the Phoenix, the Dove of the Holy Spirit or Paraclesus, the Soul of the Temple of the Grail, Nous or Spirit, which is no other than the Being or Dhyani of man).

Even in these modern times we can still find traces in Ireland of those twenty three Prophets, Djinnns or conquerors of Soul who were sent all over the world by the founder of Jainism, Rishabha-Deva.

At this moment whilst writing these lines, transcendental memories come to my mind...

In one of many corridors in an ancient palace, neither the date nor hour matters, while drinking water with lemon in delightful glasses of fine bacara with a very select group of Elohim, I said: "I need to rest for a while within Happiness. I have been helping humanity for some Mahamvantaras and I am weary."

"The greatest happiness is having God within," answered my friend an Archangel... Those words left me perplexed, confused. I thought of Nirvana and Maha Paranirvana etc.

Living in regions of such intense Happiness, could by chance any creature not be happy?

How? Why? Because they did not have the Monad within?

Filled with so many doubts I decided to consult wise old Janus, the living God of the science of "Jinas".

Before entering his abode, I greeted the Guardian with a secret password, I advanced greeting other guards in a different way and finally I had the pleasure of finding myself facing the God Janus.

"Another greeting is needed," said the Venerable One. "There is no greater salute than that of a peaceful heart." Thus, I replied whilst devoutly placing my hands on my heart.

"It is well", said the Sage.

When I wanted to make some questions which would dispel my above-mentioned doubts, without saying a word the Ancient deposited the answer in the depth of my Consciousness. That reply can be summarized as follows:

"Even though someone inhabits Nirvana or some other region of infinite happiness, if they have not God within, they will not be happy."

"Yet if they live in the infernal-worlds or in the most foul prison on Earth, having God within, they will be happy."

We can conclude this chapter by saying: "The Hinayana School, with its deep esotericism, leads us on the sexual road as far as the incarnation of the Word and final Liberation.

OREMUS

CHAPTER 28

ZEN BUDDHISM

Why is ultimate Truth-Prajna, which Zen Buddhism wishes to present, so indefinable, abstract and inaccessible?

"To define" really means to put intellectual limits to, or to declare the sense of a certain thing.

"To grasp" as in the sense used here, means to understand something and retain it in the memory.

As the act of defining, itself, consists in confining something within a certain limits it must necessarily be finite, narrow or restrictive by its nature. Just as "to understand" means to mentally grasp something yet not everything, "to understand" is equally as limited and exclusive.

The ultimate "Truth- Prajna" which the school of Zen wishes to point out cannot possibly be something narrow, finite or exclusive. It must be something vast, universal and infinite, something that includes and reaches everything, something beyond definition and designation.

The very word "To define" visibly suggests a human finger which points to a definite object and "To grasp" a hand which holds something and does not let go.

Given this regrettable limitation and attachment, which is profoundly emphasized in the rationalism of the intellectual animal mistakenly called man, it is not at all surprising that the free and all-inclusive "Truth-Prajna" becomes something evasive which is always mysteriously elusive for every thinker.

Illumination. This mighty word is in essence and potency used in this chapter to empathize the transcendental mystic experience that consists of experiencing the TAO, True Zen, the Real.

It is not enough to understand something, we need to secure, to conceive of, to capture, its inner significance.

The sixth Patriarch asked the Bodhidharma: "How is it possible to reach TAO?"

The Bodhidharma answered: "Externally all activity ceases, internally the mind stops its agitation. When the mind has become a wall, then TAO comes."

It is important to know that Japanese Zen is the same Hindustani Dhyana, the Jnana Pali, the Chinese "CH'AN NA" - an extraordinary form of Mahayana Buddhism.

Unquestionably Zen studies and practices allow us to secure the innermost significance of the Buddhist teachings recommended by the Mahayana School, which is simultaneously marvellous antithesis and a complement to the Hinayana School of Inner Self Realization.

Illuminating Emptiness is impossible to describe in human words. It is indefinable or indescribable. As was said by the Zen Teacher Huai Jang: "Anything which is said fails in the principal point."

Buddhist teaching about Emptiness is comprehensive and profound and requires much study before being understood.

Only in the absence of the EGO, can we directly experience Illuminating Emptiness. To deify the mind is an absurdity because it is in itself only a fatal prison for the Consciousness.

To affirm that the mind is Buddha, to say that it is TAO, is nonsensical because the intellect is only a jail for the Consciousness.

Mystic experience of Illuminating Emptiness is always attained outside the intellectual field. Buddhist Illumination is never achieved by developing mental power nor by deifying reason.

On the contrary, it is attained by breaking any ties which attach us to the mind.

Only by liberating ourselves from the intellectual jail can we live the happiness of Illuminating Emptiness - free and entirely insubstantial.

Emptiness is simply a clear and precise Buddhist term which denotes the insubstantial and impersonal nature of beings and an indication of the state of absolute detachment and freedom outside of time and beyond the mind.

Drink the wine of meditation in the delightful cup of perfect concentration.

CHAPTER 29

THE TWO SCHOOLS

Reality (Li in Chinese) can be seen in a sudden way, but matter (Shih in Chinese) must be progressively and orderly cultivated.

In other words, after having reached ecstasy, it has to be cultivated until its complete development and maturity.

Thus, esoteric work consists of two principal aspects: Vision and Action.

In order to have a vision you have to climb to the summit of the mountain and gaze from there; to begin the journey you have to descend down to the depths of the abyss and start to walk from there. Although the Zen temple, which is a marvellous form of Mahayana Buddhism, is sustained by the two pillars of "Vision and Action", it is evident that special emphasis is placed on the former.

This is clearly accepted by Guruji I Shan, who said: "Your Vision and not your Action is what concerns me."

For this reason Zen Masters put total emphasis on Ecstasy, Samadhi, Satori and concentrate all their efforts to directly leading their disciples or chelas towards it.

The Hinayana Tibetan School is different and although its two principle pillars are also "Vision and Action", it is unquestionable that it places special solemnity on the latter and tirelessly struggles to lead its devotees to the Ninth Sphere (Sex).

It is not superfluous to affirm in this chapter that the aspirants of the Mahayana School in truth long and have an infinite yearning for direct experience of Illuminating Emptiness.

In no way do we exaggerate judgements if we assert with a certain fervour that disciples of the Hinayana School labour tenaciously in the "Forge of Cyclops" (Sex) with the intelligent objective of achieving inner Self-Realization of Illuminating Emptiness.

When the mind is still, when the mind is in silence from within and without and in the centre, the mystic experience of Emptiness comes; however, it is obvious that Self-Realization is something very different.

Emptiness is not very easy to explain. Certainly I can tell you that it is not definable or describable.

The language of the humanoids who live on the surface of the Earth was created to name things and existent feelings; it is inadequate for expressing anything that exists beyond the body, the emotions and the mind.

Illuminating Emptiness is not a matter of knowing or not knowing - the point is to directly experience.

"Vision and Action" are mutually complementary. The two cited schools are essential.

To see with limitless lucidity is only possible in the absence of the EGO, of the MYSELF, the ID, dissolving it is imperative.

Conscious action is the result of progressive work in the "Forge of Cyclops" (Sex).

The "Golden Flower" establishes perfect harmonious equilibrium between "Vision and Action".

The "Golden Embryo", the Sublime Flower, is the special base of the Innermost Buddha.

Ancient archaic traditions say that two classes of Buddha exist:

- A) Temporary Buddhas
- B) Permanent Buddhas

It is evident that the former encounter themselves in transit from sphere to sphere, struggling to achieve Illuminating Emptiness within themselves.

Unquestionably the latter are the Buddhas of Contemplation; those who have realised within themselves Illuminating Emptiness.

In the esoteric study of Zen - the marvellous way of the Mahayana School - there are two very interesting Chinese terms: Chien and Hsing.

Used as a verb, Chien means "to see" or "look; as a noun it means vision, understanding or observation."

Hsing means "practice", "action", "esoteric work", and is used as a verb or noun.

Chien, in its most intimate sense, means all mystic understanding of Buddhist teaching; in Zen however it not only denotes clear, evident understanding of the principles and of True Prajna, but also involves awakened vision which springs from Experience - "Wu" (Satori, Ecstasy, Samadhi).

Chien in its transcendental, Divine sense can be understood as real vision or insight of Reality. Although this signifies seeing Reality, it does not imply its possession or dominion.

Hsing, fertile and creative work in "the Fiery Forge of Vulcan" is fundamental when possession and dominion of the "Real" is desired.

CHAPTER 30

AWAKENED MEN

An awakened monk called Tien Jan went to visit the Venerable Master Hui Chang.

On arrival, he very solemnly asked some ascetic helper if the "True Master" was in the house.

The mystic replied, "Yes, but he is not receiving visitors". Tien Jan said, "Oh, what you are saying is excessively profound and strange!"

The anchorite helper answered, "Not even the eyes of Buddha can see him."

Then Tien Jan argued, "The female Dragon bears a baby Dragon and the female Phoenix bears a little Phoenix!" And then he left.

Later, when Hui Chang emerged from his meditation and discovered what had occurred in his house, he hit the religious assistant.

When Tien Jan was told what had happened, he made the following comment, "This old man deserves to be called the True Master."

Next day Tien Jan, the man of awakened Consciousness, returned to visit the Guru Hui Chang.

In accordance with exotic, oriental custom, as soon as he saw the Guru he spread his shawl on the ground (preparing to settle down and receive his teaching). Hui Chang said, "That is not necessary, not necessary."

Tien Jan drew back a little and the True Master said emphatically, "It is all right, it is all right."

However, Tien Jan suddenly took some steps forward again. Then the True Master said, "No, no."

Yet, Tien Jan understood everything, he walked around the Hierophant in a symbolic gesture and left.

Later, the Venerable Master commented, "Much time has passed since the days of the Blessed. People are very lazy now. Within thirty years it will be very difficult to find a man like him."

Strange attitudes, instant telepathic talk, intuitive looks that flash...!

To explain all this would be to mutilate the Teaching - our much beloved readers should get its deep significance...

Hui Chang possessed the "Golden Embryo"; it is evident that he had realised the Illuminating Emptiness within himself.

Tien Jan was also a man with awakened Consciousness, someone who, although he had not yet experienced the Emptiness himself, possessed the "Golden Flower".

Huang Po once met an awakened monk and walked together with him. When they arrived near a tempestuous river which fell furiously into a rocky bed, Huang Po took off his bamboo hat for a moment and leaving his walking stick on the side stopped to think how they could cross over.

Whilst reflecting upon this, suddenly something unusual happened; the other monk walked over the stormy waters of the river without his feet touching the water shortly arriving on the other bank.

Ancient traditions which disappear in the night of centuries report that when Huang Po saw the miracle, he bit his lips and said, "Oh, I did not know he could do that; had I known, I would have pushed him to the bottom of the river."

These miraculous powers are simply the natural products of true Illumination and are possessed by awakened men; those who have created the "Golden Embryo" in the "Flaming Forge of Vulcan" (Sex).

Chan Chen-Chi recounts the following story:

"The Zen Master Pu Hua had been Lin Chi's assistant. One day he decided that the time to die had arrived, he made his way to the market and asked people in charity to give him a garment. However when some people offered him a garment and other clothing he refused them and then walked away, stick in hand.

"When Lin Chi heard this, he persuaded some people to give Pu Hua a coffin. So they offered Pu Hua a coffin. He smiled and said to the donors, This fellow, Lin Chi is really bad and a charlatan."

"After accepting the coffin he announced to the people, "Tomorrow I shall leave the city by the east gate and die in some corner of the eastern suburbs."

"The following day many city people lifted the coffin and escorted Pu Hua as far as the east gate. However he suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Oh, no, no, according to Geomancy, this day is not auspicious. It is better that I die tomorrow in a southern suburb."

"So the next day everybody set out for the south gate but Pu Hua changed his mind again and told the people that he preferred to die the following day in a western suburb."

"Many fewer people went to escort him the following day and again Pu Hua changed his mind saying that he was postponing his departure from this world one more day and so he would die in a northern suburb. By then people were fed up with the affair, and so nobody escorted him the next day."

"Pu Hua had to carry the coffin as far as the northern suburb himself. When he arrived he got into the coffin, stick in his hand as always and waited for some passers by. Then he begged them to nail down the coffin once he was dead. When they consented he lay down and died."

"Then," Chan Chen continued telling us, "the passers by nailed down the coffin as they had promised."

"News of the event soon reached the city and crowds of people began to arrive. Someone then suggested that the coffin be opened to take a look at the corpse, but having done so, to their surprise, they found nothing inside."

"Before they could recover from the surprise they heard, from the sky the familiar sound of the bells on the walking stick that Pu Hua had carried all his life."

"At first the tinkling was loud as if he was very near; then it became fainter and fainter until it finally disappeared completely. No one could imagine where Pu Hua had gone."

CHAPTER 31

GOETHE

In sublime and ineffable ecstasy Goethe proclaimed his Divine Mother Kundalini to be the authentic liberator.

*"Raise your eyes towards the gaze of the saviour.
All you repentant, tender souls,
So as to be transformed, full of gratitude for a fortunate destiny.
That each purified sense be ready for its service.
Virgin, Mother, Queen, Goddess,
Be propitious!"*

Goethe knew well that without the aid of DEVI KUNDALINI, the Igneous Serpent of our magic powers, the elimination of the animal EGO would be more than impossible. Unquestionably, Goethe's well known love affairs, excluding, naturally, that sustained with Christiane Vulpius, were without any exception more of an erotic than a sexual nature .

Waldemar says: "We do not believe that we claim too much by saying that for Goethe the enjoyment of the fantasy was elementary in his relationships with women. He strove to perceive the sensation of enthusiastic consolation, in a word, the stimulating element of the Muse in woman which inflamed the spirit and heart and which by no means secured for him physical satisfaction.

"The impassioned infatuation that he had for Charlotte Buff, Lili or Friederike Brion could not correspondingly propagate the total situation to sex.

"Many literary stories have attempted to clearly and simply explain the point to which Goethe's relationship with Fran Von Stein reached. The examined facts support the idea that this relationship was an ideal correspondence.

"That Goethe did not live, as is known, in complete sexual abstinence in Italy, and that after his return home he immediately committed himself in a bond with Christinane Vulpius, who never refused him anything, allows the conclusion that previously he must have lacked something.

"Undoubtedly," Waldemar continues, "Goethe loved most passionately when he was separated from the object of his desire; only in reflection did his love take shape and fill him with ardour.

"Invariably, when he allowed his heart's effusiveness for Von Stein to pour out from his quill, he was really close to her... much nearer than he could ever physically be ."

Herman Grimm states with reason: "We have seen how his relationship with Lotte Von Stein is only understandable when we refer all his passion to the time he is not with her."

It is not superfluous in this chapter to emphasize the idea that Goethe loathed the coitus of fornicators: ***Omni Animal Post Coitum Triste*** (All animals are sad after ejaculation):

"Are you bringing to my love an unhappy enjoyment?

Take away the desire of many songs, Turn, take again the brief pleasure,

Take away and give to the sorry breast, to the eternal sad bosom, something better."

"Let the poet now speak! Let him say what he feels! In truth and in poetry he writes: "I rarely go out, but our letters - referring to Friederike - were exchanged all the more intensely. I was kept in touch with her circumstances, so as to possess the present in such a way that I held before my Soul her worthiness with affection and passion.

"Absence freed me and my inclination only flourished as it should in conversation at a distance. In those moments I could really let myself be dazzled by the future."

In his poem *Happiness in absence* he clearly expresses his propensity for metaphysical eroticism.

"Sip, oh youth, of the flower's sacred joy throughout the day in the eyes of the beloved!...

Yet ever this joy is greater than anything when remote from the object of love.

Nowhere can I forget her,

Yet, I sit peacefully at the table with a gay spirit and in total freedom.

And the imperceptible delusion that makes love revered and transforms desire into illusion."

Waldemar commented saying: "The poet was not at all interested - and this should be noted in Fran Von Stein as she really was, only in how he saw her through the pressure of his own creative heart.

"His metaphysical yearning for the "eternal female" was projected in such a manner onto Charlotte that he saw in her the Mother, his beloved one; in a word, the Universal principle or, better expressed, the characteristic idea of Eve. In 1775 he wrote: 'It would be a magnificent spectacle to see how the Universe reflected in this soul. She sees the Universe as it is and certainly through love.'

"As long as Goethe could poeticize the girl he loved, or create the ideal entity which corresponded to his flight of fantasy, he was faithful and devoted; but inasmuch as the process of this poeticization became weakened either through his own fault or that of the other person, he would withdraw. Invariably he would obtain his erotic-poetical sensations up to the moment in which the situation threatened to become serious, then he would place himself out of danger, in the Patbos of distance."

Permit us the freedom of dissension with Goethe on this thorny point in his doctrine.

To love someone from a distance, promise much and afterwards forget, to us seems very cruel; at the bottom of this lies moral deception...

Instead of stabbing adoring hearts, it is better to practice SAHAJA MAITHUNA with a priestess wife, love her and remain faithful throughout life.

This man comprehended the transcendental aspect of sex, but missed the most subtle point, this is why he did not achieve INNER SELF-REALIZATION...

Goethe worshipping his Divine Mother KUNDALINI, filled with ecstasy, exclaims:

"Virgin, pure in the most noble sense, mother worthy of veneration,

Queen elected by ourselves and of equal position to the Gods...!"

Eager to die within himself in the here and now during chemical coitus, wishing to destroy

Mephistopheles he exclaims:

"Arrows, pierce me; spears, conquer me; maces, strike me.

Everything disappear, vanish all.

Shine the everlasting star, source of eternal love."

Without question this Inspired Bard possessed marvellous intuition; if he had rediscovered himself exclusively in one woman; if he had found in her the secret Path; if

he had worked with her throughout his life in the "NINTH SPHERE", obviously he would have attained final liberation.

In his "Faust", he unfolds Faith with great precision and the possibility of the elevation of the liberated "Golden Embryo" to a "Super-Soul" (The Superior Manas of Theosophy).

When this happens, the aforementioned theosophical principle penetrates us and fusing with the GOLDEN EMBRYO, passes through extraordinary inner transformations, it is then said of us that we are men with Soul.

At this stage we reach Mastery, Adepthood, and become active members of the Occult Brotherhood.

This does not signify perfection in the fullest sense of the word. The Divine and humans know well how difficult it is to reach Perfection in Mastery.

While on this subject it is imperative to know that such Perfection can only result after fulfilling profound esoteric tasks in the worlds of the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune.

At any rate, the incarnation of the Human Soul or third aspect of the Hindustani Trimurti, known as Atman-Buddhi-Manas in us, and its combining with the Golden Embryo, is an extraordinary cosmic event that radically transforms us.

The incarnation of the Superior Mannas within us does not imply the entrance of Atman and Buddhist principles into our organism. This last matter concerns the subsequent work about which we shall talk in depth in our future book entitled **THE THREE MOUNTAINS**.

After this small digression from the subject essential to the matter in hand, we continue with the following tale:

Long ago, something unusual and unwonted happened to me along the path of life. One night whilst involved in very interesting esoteric work out of my physical body, with the EIDOLON, I approached the gigantic city of London.

I remember clearly passing a certain place in that metropolis, I perceived with mystical amazement the radiant yellow aura of a certain intelligent young man standing at a corner.

Entering a very smart cafe in the metropolis and sitting at a table I remarked on the aforementioned event to a rather aged person who was slowly savouring the delicious contents of a cup of some Arabic drink.

Suddenly something unexpected happened, a person approached and sat next to us; by carefully observing him I established with great astonishment that it was the same youth with the shining yellow aura, who moments before had surprised me.

After the usual introductions I became aware that this person was no less than the one who in life had written "Faust", I refer to Goethe.

In the astral world wonderful events happen, extraordinary marvels. It is not strange to meet disincarnate people there, personages like Victor Hugo, Plato, Socrates, Danton, Moliere, etc.

And so, clothed in the EIDOLON I wanted to talk with Goethe outside London, by the shore of the vast sea, I invited him and obviously he would not decline such an invitation.

Talking together on the coast of that great Island Britain where the English capital is situated, we could see some mental waves of a blood red colour floating towards us upon the stormy ocean.

I had to explain to that young man with the radiant aura, that the said mental forms were coming from a certain lady in Latin America, who desired me sexually. This caused us a certain trace of sadness.

The stars glittered in infinite space, and roaring terrifyingly the furious waves incessantly pounded the sandy shore.

Talking, on the steep cliffs by the sea, he and I exchanged ideas, I resolved to ask the following question in a direct manner, as one would say here in the physical world: "Have you got a new physical body now?" The reply was affirmative. "Is your present vehicle masculine or feminine?" He then answered, "My present body is feminine." "In which country are you reincarnated?" "In Holland." "Do you love anyone?" "Yes," he answered, "I love a dutch prince and I am thinking of marrying him at a certain date." (The reader should excuse us for not mentioning the date).

"I thought that your love would be strictly universal," I said, "love of the rocks, the mountains, the rivers, the seas, the bird which flies and the fish that glides through deep waters." "Is not human love a spark of divine love?" This kind of questioning reply from the one who in his past reincarnation was called Goethe, certainly left me overwhelmed, perplexed, amazed. Undoubtedly, the distinguished poet had told me something irrefutable, incontrovertible and correct.

CHAPTER 32

REINCARNATION

The Bhagavad-Gita, the holy book of Lord Krishna, says the following:

"The Being is not born, does not die, nor reincarnates; it has no origin, is eternal, and changeless, the first of all, and does not die when the body passes away."

Let our Gnostic readers now reflect on the following contradictory and antithetical verse.

"As someone leaves aside their worn out clothes and puts on new ones, so the embodied Being leaves its spent body and enters a new one."

Two opposing verses from the Great Avatar Krishna. If we did not know the key we would obviously be confused:

"Leaving the body, taking the path of fire, of light, of the day, of the luminous lunar fortnight of the northern solstice, those knowledgeable of Brahma, go towards Brahma.

"The yogi who when dead, takes the path of smoke of the dark lunar fortnight and of the southern solstice, reaches the lunar sphere (the astral world) and is then reborn (returns, reimbodies).

"These two paths, the bright and the dark, are considered permanent. Through the first, one is emancipated and through the second, one is reborn (returns)."

We declare that the Being, the Lord incarnate in some perfect creature, can return, reincarnate...

"When the Lord (THE BEING) acquires a body, or leaves it, He associates with the six senses or abandons them and passes like the breeze which carries with it the scent of flowers.

"Directing the ears, the eyes, the organs of touch, taste and smell as well as the mind, HE experiences the objects of the senses.

"The ignorant, those who hallucinate, do not see Him when HE takes a body, when HE leaves it or has experiences associated with the Gunas. On the other hand, those who have the Eyes of Wisdom see Him."

As an extraordinary document on the doctrine of reincarnation it is worth meditating on the following verse of Lord Krishna.

"Oh, Bharata! every time that religion deteriorates and irreligion prevails, I incarnate anew (in other words - I reincarnate) to protect the good, destroy the evil and establish religion, I incarnate (or reincarnate) in different times."

From all these verses of Lord Krishna, two conclusions can be logically drawn:

1. Those who know Brahma go to Brahma and can, if they so desire, return, embody, REINCARNATE, to carry out the GREAT WORK of the Father.
2. Those who have not dissolved the EGO, the SELF, the MYSELF, go, after death, through the path of smoke, of the dark lunar fortnight and the southern solstice, reaching the Lunar sphere and are then reborn, RETURN, reimbody in this painful Vale of Samsara. The doctrine of the Great Avatar Krishna teaches that only the Gods, Semi-Gods, Divine Sovereigns, Titans and Devas reincarnate.

To Return is something very different: unquestionably it is the Return of the Kalpas, Yugas, Mahamvantaras, Maha-Pralayas, etc.

The Law of Eternal Return of all things is always combined with the Law of Recurrence. The EGOS return incessantly to repeat dramas, scenes and events, here and now. The past is projected towards the future through the passage of the present.

The word Reincarnation is most exigent, it should not be used carelessly: No one could reincarnate without first having eliminated the Ego, without truly possessing Sacred Individuality. Incarnation is a very venerable word, signifying in fact the re-embodiment of the Divine in a man.

Reincarnation is the repetition of such a cosmic event, a new manifestation of the Divine...

In no manner whatever do we exaggerate concepts by emphasizing the transcendental idea that Reincarnation is only possible for the Golden Embryos, which have achieved in whichever cycle of manifestation, glorious union with the Super-Soul.

It would be absurd to confuse REINCARNATION with RETURN. We would be making the worst kind of mistake to attest that the EGO - legion of dark, sinister, twisted Egos – can reincarnate.

CHAPTER 33

RETURN

Speaking clearly and in plain language, we can and should state that three human forms go to the grave:

- a. The physical body
- b. The vital body or Lingam Sarira
- c. The personality

Without question - everyone knows - that in a gradual process the dense form disintegrates inside the grave.

It is evident that the second vital aspect or Lingam Sarira, which as a phosphorescent ghost is at times visible to psychic people, hovers before the tomb slowly disintegrating together with the physical body.

The third form, I refer to the energetic personality, proves interesting for clairvoyants...

It would certainly be nonsense to stress the idea of some possible Reincarnation for the Personality. This last form is the daughter of its time, is born in its time, dies in its time...

There is no tomorrow for the personality of the deceased...

In the name of Truth we must state that the personality is formed during the first seven years of childhood and is strengthened with time and experience...

After the death of the carnal body, the personality goes to the grave, however it usually escapes from the tomb to wander in the cemetery.

We should also extend our compassion very extensively to these discarded personalities which have the grave as their abode...

Ancient civilisations were not ignorant of this and so they placed inside the tomb of their loved ones objects and food related to them. This has been verified by many of archaeologists who have unearthed ancient burial mounds, cenotaphs, niches, abodes, sarcophagi, etc.

The flowers and visits of the mourners are very pleasing to discarded personalities.

The disintegration process of these personalities is most often, in reality, amazingly slow.

In the moments that I am writing these lines, my companions who fell on the battle fields during the Mexican Revolution, come to mind. Undoubtedly their sepulchral personalities emerged from their tombs to receive me when I visited an old cemetery, they obviously recognized me and they inquiringly questioned me, asking about my existence and way of life at present.

DEVI KUNDALINI, the Consecrated Queen of SHIVA, our particular Divine Cosmic Individual Mother assumes five transcendental mystic aspects in every creature, which it is imperative to enumerate:

- a. The unmanifested PRAKRITI
- b. The CHASTE DIANA, ISIS, TONANZIN, MARIA or better said RAM-IO
- c. The terrible HECATE, PROSEPHONE, COATLICUE, queen of the infernos and death; terror of love and law.
- d. The special individual Mother Nature, creator and architect of our physical organism.

e. The Elemental Enchantress to whom we owe every vital impulse, every instinct.

The blessed Goddess Mother Death has the power to punish us when we violate the Law and the authority to take our lives away.

Undoubtedly she is only a magnificent facet of our Mystic Duality, a splendid form of our own Being. Without her consent no Angel of Death would dare to break the Thread of Life, the silver cord, the Antakarana.

That which continues beyond the grave is the EGO, the Self, the Myself, a certain sum of Devil-Egos which personify our psychological defects.

Normally the said "aggregate Psyches" are processed in the Mental and Astral worlds. Rare are the ESSENCES which achieve emancipation for some time among such subjective elements in order to enjoy a vacation in the Causal world before returning to this vale of tears.

For in these dark times of KALI-YUGA, the celestial life between death and re-birth has become more impossible each time... The cause of such an anomaly lies in the strengthening of the animal Ego; The ESSENCE of everyone is completely trapped in the PLURALIZED SELF.

Normally the Egos are submerged within the Mineral Kingdom, in the infernal Worlds, or return in an immediate form in a new organism.

The EGO continues in the seed of our descendants; we return unceasingly to repeat always the same Dramas, the same tragedies.

We must make a special point that not all aggregate psyches attain such a human return; in reality many Ego-Devils are lost because they are either submerged within the mineral kingdom or continue re-incorporating themselves in animal organisms or they cling and adhere to particular places.

CHAPTER 34

FERTILIZATION

It is a fact that the ovaries release an egg every twenty eight days into one of the fallopian tubes and it is knowingly conveyed to the prodigious uterus, where it must encounter the male's Seed (Spermatozoon) if a new life is to begin.

The SAHAJA MAITHUNA, SEXUAL YOGA, with all its TANTRIC ASANAS and its famous *Coitus Reservatus*, even though it restricts the number of fertilizations, is not in any way an impediment to some conceptions.

Any mature spermatozoon can escape during the SAHAJA MAITHUNA to attain fertilization.

It is interesting that from the six or seven million spermatozoa that any ordinary, normal layman loses in one intercourse, only one fortunate spermatozoon achieves penetration of an ovum.

It is obvious that the fertilising spermatozoon has the capacity to enter the ovum and possesses a major power.

The idea, that the Dynamics of the fertilizing spermatozoon are due to the ESSENCE which returns to be reincorporated, cannot be over-emphasized.

It is then, manifestly absurd to spill the Vessel of Hermes, to lose several million spermatozoa, when in reality only one fertilizing spermatozoon is necessary...

The Gnostics create with the power of KRIYASAKTI - the power of the will and of Yoga. In life we never spill the "Sophic Vessel of Mercury"...

In life there is no force more impelling in its expression than the efforts of the masculine and feminine germs to meet each other.

The uterus is the feminine sexual organ in which the foetus develops, the vestibule of this world where the infant is prepared for its advent.

We have been told very clearly that it is feasible to choose and voluntarily determine the sex of a child; this is possible when the Law of Karma permits.

In every man's imagination there always exists a vivid prototype of the ideal female beauty...

In every woman's imagination there never ceases to exist some perfect charming prince; this is well proved...

If, at the height of intercourse, masculine desire predominates, the fruit of the love will be a girl...

If, at the very moment during the height of lovemaking the feminine desire is outstanding, the infant will be a boy...

Therefore based on this principle we can formulate the following: If both Adam-Eve, agree to procreate, obviously they can voluntarily decide on the sex of the baby.

If, at the transcendental instant during chemical intercourse, husband and wife, in mutual psychological agreement, truly desire a male child the evident outcome will be a boy.

If at the marvellous moment of metaphysical intercourse, he and she ardently wish for a girl, the result will be a girl.

It is written with fiery coals in the pages of the Book of Life, that all conception is achieved under the cosmic influences of the Moon in Cancer.

Death and Conception are closely related. The extremes meet one another. The path of life is formed by the tracks of the hooves of the horse of death.

The last moments of a dying person are associated with the erotic delights of couples who are in love ...

The final second of life, the precise moment in which we exhale the last breath, we transmit to the future organism which awaits us in time and distance, a certain special cosmic design which comes to be crystallized in the fertilized ovum...

It is through the silver cord - the famous ANTAKARARA - that we remain connected with the fertile spermatozoon...

It cannot be stated strongly enough that the ESSENCE only comes to penetrate the physical body at the moment of our first breath...

CHAPTER 35

BEAUTY

Waldemar says: "The so called 'fright in pregnancy' for women is well known to us so that we can greatly enlarge on the matter. It expresses the particular anxiety of the spirit which has an effect on the tender fruit in the womb. But, strangely enough, the immense importance of a psychic influence over the foetus has never been taken into sufficient consideration.

"In due course the mere hint of things can occasion a physical transformation of the foetus. In this way, some time ago in a Berlin hospital, a woman gave birth to a monster which had the ears and muzzle of a dog and animal fur. Amongst my acquaintances there occurred the case of the wife of an industrialist from Chemnitz who frequently visited the zoo during her pregnancy because she liked the lioness' cubs very much. Subsequently, she gave birth to twins with lion's heads and claws; both infants were lacking in human intelligence and died at the ages of eleven and twelve, respectively.

"It has often been said that a newborn baby whose mother has been startled by a mouse has a blemish or mole similar to the mouse's skin, exactly where its mother put her hand in the moment of fear.

"In ancient times," Waldemar continues to say, "they could extract the corresponding consequence of a woman's fear; which could entail both negative and positive results. Thus, Oppian makes it clear that Spartan women gave birth to extraordinarily beautiful and well built babies because they always kept statues of Apollo, Jacinth, Narcissus and the Dioscuri in their bedrooms as well as enjoying the music of harps and flutes during their pregnancy.

"It was also demanded of Spartan husbands to never show a grim face or bad temper to their wives in pregnancy, instead they always appeared content. Heliodorus tells of a frightfully ugly couple, whose offspring was extraordinarily beautiful because the mother always kept a marvellous life size statue of Adonis in her bedroom. The misshapen, ugly tyrant of Cyprus was nevertheless also the father of surprisingly beautiful children, due to the fact that he had decorated the bedroom with radiant figures of deities.

"Throughout the course of History women were repeatedly suspected of infidelity because of their 'fright in pregnancy'.

"Dark-skinned Persina, the wife of Hydaspus, who was also of a dark complexion, bore a completely white girl after ten years of barren marriage. The husband would not have believed her innocence and would have accused her of intercourse with a stranger, so in her desperation she abandoned the girl. She named her Charikleia and years later she found her by chance. Happily she told her daughter: As you were born white, a colour contradictory to that natural to the Ethiopians, I understood the cause. In the arms of my husband I saw the image of Andromeda naked, when abducted by Perseus from the rocks, and that is why you are this colour. Then Persina confessed to her husband that she had a daughter; she placed the statue of Andromeda next to Charikleia and indeed the resemblance was disconcerting.

Hydaspus was convinced and in admiration, the people overflowed with jubilation and goodwill to all three."

"A critic of much penetrating spirit as Lessing also made EXPRESSIVELY clear that the plastic arts in particular, aside from the infallible influence they have over the character of the nation, are capable of action which requires closer control by the State. If beautiful beings create beautiful statues, these act anew on them, and the State has to be grateful to the beautiful statues for the beautiful citizens. Amongst us, the delicate imagination of the mother seems only to be revealed in monsters.

It is necessary for us to return to the original point of departure with a singular longing and cultivate the beauty of the spirit...

The nuptial chamber must be turned into a temple of art; it is itself the magnetic centre of love... Women of sacred predestination must never lose the capacity for wonder...

Contemplate, Oh Daughters of Venus !, the divine sculptures in your bedroom, so that the fruit of your love be really beautiful...

Create beauties, I say in the name of love and truth... be happy, well loved, be joyful with your creations... The nuptial bedroom is the Sanctuary of Venus, never must you desecrate it with unworthy thoughts.

CHAPTER 36

INTELLIGENCE

Magic esoteric procreation, without seminal ejaculation, ideoplastic impregnation of a foetus, should be animated by the intelligent desire to secure the most characteristic attributes and the possibility of a long life full of light and liveliness for the offspring...

The appropriate moment to engender healthy and intelligent children lies in the upward curve of life, in which the marvellous Essence of the infant is carried by the grand breath of the Sun in the delicate, jubilant resurrection of Great nature, where it will be reincorporated in the general flowering of Universal life.

It is written with words of fire that the potency of action and physical and psychic energy reaches magical procreation in a very special way in the ascendant quarter of May at sunrise.

The so called "children from the wedding night", or those unfortunates who were begotten after copious banquets and drunken binges, are carriers of very inferior living values...

Neurotics, those who suffer from all types of complex, cowards, misanthropists, schizophrenics, masochists, all kinds of murderers, hardened drinkers, homosexuals, lesbians, dullards, imbeciles and idiots who, in addition to their loathsome defects have weak and deformed bodies, originate from ill-omened and abominable cohabitation or else from the concurrence of venereal diseases...

The uncontrolled procreation of children in instances of intoxication and unawareness, frequently under the depraved influence of alcohol, act as a curse on later generations...

Only when Adam-Eve live in a state of edifying and essentially dignified self-exaltation, is that interchange of living forces produced through each cell, which actually achieves the birth of a "sun child" a physically beautiful and spiritually blessed creature...

It is really unthinkable that man, as a stock-breeder, cattleman or gardener, exercises the greatest care to produce the best specimens of beast and fruit and the most beautiful, variegated and fragrant plants through the selection and crossbreeding of the most select products and seeds, generally excluding these precautions, diligence and attention in the very generation of his own kind.

The quality of semen is intimately associated with the power of imagination, if the crime of spilling this marvellous elixir is committed; the creative faculty, the translucence, the imagination are impoverished. Then it is impossible to maintain any beautiful image in the mind with the same freshness which we could use to give life and form to a new radiant creature.

Plato, who in his "Banquet" calls the doctrine of beauty " the mysteries of Eros", defines Love as the Divine appetite suggested to man by a Great Universal Power which manages to fill his heart with enthusiasm for the creation of healthy and beautiful children...

It is known that on a monthly basis in phase with the moon, an egg is released from a woman's uterus which causes a haemorrhage. This is called Menstruation.

An ovum, unfertilized by a spermatozoon, finally leaves the uterus after few days and a new vital rhythm begins.

We have been told that at the point where the ovum is released, a so-called infinitesimal "yellow body" is formed.

This is the marvellous fruit which possesses the precious substance of vigorous power from which the whole body obtains an energetic and structured result.

And so the blood stream as well as all the vital cells are, in a manner of speaking, electrically charged anew.

The more chaste the woman is, the more she transmutes and sublimates sexual energy, the more she produces within her a physical and spiritual revival...

Undoubtedly the more spasms and orgasms she has, the less the production of internal structural secretion. The valuable organic nuclei of the genital glands cannot then be transformed into that ethereal substance of delicate tissue which gives the physical cells of the body their tension and capacity for renewal, so premature aging and illnesses occur.

Also the longer or shorter the breathing pattern of the mother during labour determines the quality of the baby's first breath. This respiratory rhythm brings the flow of the world to and from her, pleasure and displeasure, value and unimportance.

Blind passion in sexual intercourse generates irregular electromagnetic disturbance which, like vital inherited oscillations, provoke such great discord in the baby's cells that the positive share of paternal influence cannot get through.

It is obvious that when there is Scientific Chastity, Beauty and Love, the fertilized ovum will be impregnated by some highly evolved Essence and the result will therefore be a son or daughter with rich spiritual values.

CHAPTER 37

THE LAW OF KARMA

In dealing with metaphysical, transcendental experiments, it is not unnecessary to assert solemnly that I am completely satisfied with the intelligent use of the Eidolon...

Without being in any way conceited about a certain esoteric order of discovery I am going to simply and humbly relate of a certain intimate and remarkable event..

It took place on one of those nights when we found ourselves absent from our dense forms, the Master Litelantes and I decided to get in contact with the Temple of the Zodiac.

It is well known and obvious - and anyone can understand - that to find such a Sanctuary here in the three dimensional Euclidian world, proved to be something more than impossible.

The fact that for this kind of experimental investigation we used the Eidolon is not therefore strange, unusual or rare.

In no way do I want to boast of being a sage, I only put forward clearly that this contact was marvellous...

The virginal, Zodiacal *Sancta Sanctorum* shines gloriously in the midst of the ardent rhythms of Mahavan and the Chotavan which maintain the universe firm on its course.

A cosmic temple, Basilica of Zodiacal light with twelve shrines, a sidereal house of the divine...

A sublime circular church with irresistible charm, opposing *Sanctums* that complement each other, situated face to face...

Projecting ourselves into the future, far beyond our present reincarnation Litelantes boldly entered the *Sanctum* of the brilliant constellation of Libra.

At the threshold of that place of worship was an effigy like an Angel; one hand holding the Scale of Cosmic Justice and the other grasping a Sword.

Litelantes took some steps into the holy precincts. finally settling on a venerable stone...!

Will you continue with Libra? Yes! But notice that the Stone of that constellation is very cold! "It does not matter!" Thus the Initiated answered...

As this Lady-Adept is at present preparing to complete a very special mission in a male body, it is obvious that the constellation of Libra will be very favourable , all the more so when her task lies in the field of Law...

I for my part, filled with profound reflection and tremendous veneration, went resolutely into the Sublime *Sanctum* of the constellation of Leo.

The threshold of that place of worship was radiantly adorned with a pair of brilliant lions of pure gold...

In ecstasy I silently lay down on my back upon a delightful divan, the Lion's shape armrests of which shone...

My intention was to wait within that sanctuary for the Sublime Archons of Destiny...

It is evident that they manipulate the Antakarana (the thread of life), connecting it to the fertilizing spermatozoon...

When every living being dies, they carry the seed-atom from their physical body beyond death...

The Lords of Karma deposit this atom in the fertilizing spermatozoon in order that we may re embody....

The end of the Magnetic Thread is joined to such atom... Any creature can leave the body during normal sleep to travel many times to remote distances; The Thread of Life extends as far as the Infinite and always allows us to return to the physical body...

Upon dying the Angels of Death cut this silver thread and so it is obvious we cannot return to the physical body...

Advanced as I was in time, I was not ignorant of any of this and patiently awaited the Lords of the Law; I was eager to be reincarnated under the constellation of Leo...

However, reflecting a while I said to myself: "What am I doing here? I have to await orders from my Father. And what is more, I have been told that I will not possess a physical body again during this Mahamvantara..." Reflecting in this way I rose and left that sacred place.

Ostensibly Masters can choose at will the Zodiac sign under which they are going to reincarnate...

In the Zodiacal Temple, within the chosen *Sanctum*, the Initiates await the Lords of Karma with the purpose of psychically connecting with a fertilizing spermatozoon which, sailing through the waters of life, will lead them to the physical world under the regency of the chosen constellation.

For unconscious BUDDHATAS (ESSENCES) in the sorrowful vale of Samsara, everything is different; they disembody without being aware of it and automatically re embody under any sign...

In this point of return, injustice does not exist; The Masters of Karma select the Zodiac sign of those who sleep...

When we inhale for the first time, we become intimately impregnated by the star which will govern our new existence....

The destiny of every creature that returns to the world is written in the wonderful Book of the Zodiac...

Not only is Karma paid for the evil done, but also for the good which was not done when we could have done it...

Each wrongful action is a debt we incur to pay in a subsequent life...

The Law of Action and Consequence governs the course of our various existences and each life is a result of the previous one...

To completely understand the basis and *Modus Operandi* of the Law of Karma it is essential to guide the ship of our life in a positive and constructive way...

A grand Master of the Good Law, clothed in an alb of white linen, very quietly approached and gave me the following teaching:

"When an inferior law is transcended by a superior law the superior law outweighs the inferior law."

During the esoteric initiatic processes of fire, I fully understood the following postulates:

"The Lion of the Law is combated with the Balance."

"Whoever has capital with which to pay, pays and does well in business."

"Whoever has nothing with which to pay, must pay with pain..."

"Do good deeds in order to pay your debts..."

It is possible to gain credit from the Masters of Karma and this is something many do not know...

However, it is imperative to know that all credit must be written off with good deeds or with supreme pain...

I owed KARMA from former lives and was forgiven. I had already been told that I would have a special meeting with my Divine Mother KUNDALINI. I knew well that on reaching a certain esoteric grade I would be taken to her presence.

And certainly the longed for day arrived, and I was taken before her; an Adept of the Occult

Fraternity brought me out of my physical body in the Eidolon and took me to the Place of Worship...

I saw on the wall of the *Sanctum* a mysterious obelisk in which shone a terribly divine Madonna; it was my Mother...

Kneeling down, prostrate in tremendous adoration, I wept, I cried out, I begged...

That Madonna stepped out of the obelisk and came to me like a marvellous synthesis of Wisdom, Love and Power...

It is impossible to explain in human words what I felt in those moments of ecstasy. In her was expressed the best from all the beautiful mothers I had in my varied reincarnations. Yet... it is obvious that she was far more due to her infinite perfections.

In a pair of comfortable armchairs we sat, facing each other, very close, Mother and son... I had to ask something and I spoke in a voice which surprised me.

"I ask that I be forgiven all my crimes committed in previous lives, for you know that now I would be incapable of falling into the same errors.

"I know, my son," responded my Divine Mother in a heavenly voice, full of infinite tenderness.

"Not for a million dollars would I make the same mistakes again," I continued to say...

"What is this about dollars, my son? Why say this? Why talk like this?..."

"Forgive me, Mother, the trouble is that in the physical, vain, illusory world in which I live, this is how they speak..."

"I understand my son," replied my Mother- and with this words from the adored one I felt cheered...

"Now, Mother, I ask that you bless and forgive me," I cried out full of supreme beatitude...

Awesome was that moment in which my Mother, knelt down, and with infinite humility, blessed me, saying: "MY SON, YOU ARE FORGIVEN..."

"Allow me to kiss your feet, Mother", I exclaimed. and so, oh God!, by depositing the mystic kiss on the Divine sole of her feet, I discovered a certain symbol equivalent to that sacred washing at the Last Supper.

It is evident that I intuitively captured the deep significance of such a symbol...

I had dissolved the PLURALIZED EGO in the mineral regions of our planet Earth, yet, I had to continue dying in the infernos of the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune...

Much later, after having investigated a certain very lamentable error from my previous reincarnation, I was nearly knocked down by a car in Mexico City, without question, if I had not previously been forgiven Karma, I would have ended up in hospital or a cemetery...

When I held the Book of my own Destiny in my hands - every person has their own - I found its pages blank, the outstanding accounts had been erased by my Divine Mother

KUNDALINI, except a certain page I had the name of a mountain where much later I would have to live ...

"Is this some KARMA?" I asked the Lords of the Law. "It is not KARMA," they answered me. "You will go there to live for the good of the Great Cause." However this last one is not obligatory, I am granted the freedom to choose...

I do not owe ordinary every day human KARMA, but it is clear that I must pay a levy to the Lords of the Law. Everything has a price and the right to possess physical body and to live in this world has to be paid for, adepts of the Occult Fraternity pay with good works....

It is possible to negotiate with the Lords of the Law through Meditation:

Pray, Meditate and concentrate on ANUBIS, the most exalted Regent of the Good Law...

All doors except one are closed to the unworthy: that of repentance...

Ask and it shall be given, knock and it shall be opened.

CHAPTER 38

THE LAW OF RECURRENCE

New with a sequence of unusual accounts I wish to explain about the Law of Recurrence.

The aforementioned law was certainly never something strange or outlandish for me, in the name of THAT which is Divine I must specially affirm that I only know of this pragmatic rule through my unwonted lives.

To testify to all that we have really directly experienced, is a duty for our fellow men.

I have never wanted to slip away, to escape intellectually from the multiple variety of memories relating to my three previous existences and which correspond with my present day life.

For the benefit of the Great Cause for which we are struggling intensely I prefer to push, to assume responsibilities, to pay, to openly confess my errors before the solemn verdict of public consciousness.

Authentically and in plain language, it is appropriate to now explain that I was the Marquis Juan Conrado, third Grand Lord of the province of Granada, Spain.

It is clear that this was the golden age of the famous Spanish Empire. The cruel conqueror Hernan Cortes, treacherous as none other, had pierced the heart of Mexico with his sword, whilst merciless Pizzaro, in Peru, had made a hundred thousand virgins flee. In view of the fact that many noblemen and commoners, adventurers and the wicked in search of fortune, constantly embarked for the New Spain, in no way was I an exception.

In a fragile, light and simple caravel, I sailed the tempestuous ocean for many months with the aim of reaching those American lands.

I must assert that I never had the intention to plunder sacred temples of August Mysteries, neither to conquer villages nor destroy citadels.

I certainly travelled those American lands in search of fortune, unfortunately I made some mistakes.

To study them is necessary in order to know the parallels end to consciously verify the wise Law of Recurrence.

This was my times as a fallen Boddhisattva and incidentally, I was no tame sheep. The centuries have passed and I have since awoken Consciousness, never can I forget such foolishness.

The first parallel that we must study corresponds exactly with my present physical body.

Having arrived from the mother country in that fragile craft, I settled down very near the cliffs on the Atlantic coast.

In the times of the Spanish conquest, there was that other unfortunate international trade that had to do with the monstrous market in African Negroes.

And so, for good or bad I met a noble coloured family from Algeria.

Still I remember a maiden so black and so beautiful, like a miraculous dream from the Arabian Nights

If I shared the bed of pleasure in the garden of delightful with her, it was actually because I was moved by the incentive of curiosity, I wanted to see the outcome of this racial mixing.

It was not strange that out of this a mulatto offspring was born, later on, a grandchild, a great grandchild and a great-great grandchild were born.

In those fallen Boddhisattva times, I forgot the famous astral marks which originate in intercourse and which all the disenchanted carry in their KARMASAYA.

It is manifestly clear that such marks connect one with those people and blood associated with chemical intercourse. It is opportune to say now that Hindustan Yogis have made detailed studies about this.

It is not superfluous to assert that my present day physical body has evolved from the aforementioned metaphysical intercourse; in other words I shall say that it turned out that I am clothed in the flesh which I carry in my present existence. My forefathers were the descendants of exactly that sexual act of the Marquis.

It is astonishing that our descendants, through time and space, become ancestors. It is marvellous that after centuries we will be sheathed in our own flesh, to become the children of our own children.

Endless journeys through the lands of New Spain characterized the life of the Marquis and these are repeated in my subsequent existences including this present one.

Litelantes, as always, was by my side patiently enduring all the stupidities of my times as a fallen Boddhisattva. In the approach of the autumn of life in each reincarnation, without beating about the bush, I confess I had left with the "grave digger": I refer to an ancient

Initiate for whom I always abandoned my wife and who in each and every existence accomplished her duty by giving me a christian burial.

In the evening of my present life, this ancient Initiate came to me, I recognized her immediately, but as I am fallen no longer, I gently renounce her, she went away heartbroken. Clacked in that haughty and even contemptuous personality of the Marquis, I started the return journey to my motherland after a rather disgusting set-to over a cargo of uncut diamonds extracted from a very rich mine.

For the benefit of many readers it is not superfluous to place positive emphasis on the plain assertion that after a short interval in the region of the dead I entered anew, reincarnating in England.

I admitted to the bosom of the illustrious Bleler family, I was christened with the pious name of Simeon.

With the flowering of youth I moved to Spain stirred by an inner desire to return to the Americas. This is how the Law of Recurrence works.

The same scenes, obviously, were repeated in space and time. identical dramas, similar farewells, etc, including, as is natural, the voyage across the stormy ocean.

Intrepidly, I jumped ashore on the tropical coast of South America, peopled at that time by various tribes.

Exploring such wild regions inhabited by ferocious animals, I arrived at the deep valley of Nueva Granada at the foot of the mountains of Monserrat and Guadalupe, a beautiful countryside governed by Viceroy Solis.

It is unquestionable that in those times, I began, in fact to pay karma which I owed from the years as the Marquis.

My efforts to obtain some well paid work amongst those natives of Nueva España were in vain, in desperation because of the bad economic situation I joined the army of the Sovereign as an ordinary private. At least there I found bread, clothing and shelter.

One holiday very early in the morning it happened that his Majesty's troops were preparing to pay special homage to their officer in command and for this reason they were spread here, there and everywhere carrying out manoeuvres with the objective of organizing ranks.

I still remember a certain sergeant, ill-favoured and argumentative, who reviewing his battalion, yelled, cursed, hit out, etc.

Suddenly, drawing up before me, he grievously insulted me because my feet were not in the correct military position and then noticing insignificant details on my jacket he treacherously slapped me.

What happened next is not very difficult to guess: you cannot expect anything good from a fallen BODDHISATVA. Without any thought, awkwardly I thrust my blood thirsty steel bayonet into the veteran's chest.

Mortally wounded the man fell to the ground, shouts of terror were heard everywhere, but I was clever and taking the necessary advantage of the confusion, disorder and astonishment. I escaped from that place very closely pursued by well armed soldiers!

I travelled along many roads towards the steep coasts of the Atlantic Ocean, they were searching for me everywhere and for this reason I always avoided passing the tax posts by making detours through the jungles.

On the highways which were few at that time, carriages passed me by pulled by pairs of jaunty steeds. In such vehicles, people who didn't have my karma travelled, moneyed people.

One day by the side of the road near a hamlet. I found a humble shop and I went in with a mind to drink a cup, I wanted cheering up a bit.

Amazed! Confounded! Astonished! That is how I was when I discovered that the owner of the business was Litalantes. Oh! I had loved her so much and now I found her married and mother to several children. What claim could I make? I paid the bill and left there with a broken heart...

I continued the march along the path when with certain dread I realized that someone was coming behind me: the son of the lady, a kind of rural Mayor. Speaking first the youth told me: "In accordance with article 16 of the Viceroy code you are under arrest." In vain I tried to bribe him: that well armed gentleman took me before the court and as is obvious after being sentenced I was imprisoned for a long time to pay for the death of the Sergeant.

When I was freed I walked along the wild, terrible banks of the abundant river Magdalena, doing very hard manual labour wherever I had the chance.

As an interesting aside in the present chapter I must say that the ESSENCE of that Mayor, because of whom I had to through much bitterness locked up in a foul dungeon, came back with a female body, now she is my daughter, and what is more, she is even the mother of a family and has given me some grandchildren.

Before her re-entry I questioned this Soul in the suprasensitive worlds. I asked about the reason which induced him to pursue me for a father, he answered saying he felt remorse for the wrong he had caused me and that he wanted to behave nobly with me, to make good his mistakes. I confess that she is keeping her word.

At that time, after endless Karmic bitterness, I settled on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean, repeating all the steps of the contemptuous Marquis Juan Conrado... The best thing I did was studying esotericism, natural medicine and botany...

The noble aborigines of those tropical lands offered me their love in appreciation of my galenic labour: I always treated them disinterestedly without asking anything in return.

Something unusual happened one day: the spectacular appearance of a great nobleman from Spain. This gentleman told me of his misfortune. His ship carrying all his wealth was being followed by pirates. He wanted a safe place for his abundant riches.

Faternally, I offered comfort and even proposed opening up a cave for the safekeeping of his wealth: the gentleman accepted my advice but not without previously demanding that I solemnly swear honesty and loyalty.

We both came to an understanding with the fragrance of sincerity and the perfume of courtesy. Afterwards I gave orders to my people, a very select group of aborigines. They dug a hole in the ground.

When the hole was ready we very carefully lowered a large trunk and a much smaller chest containing solid gold pingots and precious jewels of incalculable value.

By means of certain magical exorcisms, I cast an enchantment over the "Guarded Jewels", as Don Mario Roso De Luna would say, with the intention of making them invisible to unpleasantly greedy eyes.

The gentleman rewarded me very well by generously handing over a bag of gold coins. He left those parts proposing to return to his Homeland to bring back his family, since he wanted to establish himself majestically in those beautiful lands of Nueva España.

The hourglass of destiny is never still, days passed, months and years and that good man never returned. Perhaps he died in his land or he fell victim to the pirates who overran the seven seas then, I do not know.

There are sensational cases in life: one day in my present reincarnation, whilst far from my Mexican land, I was talking about the said subject with a certain group of Gnostic brethren amongst whom Master Gargha Kuichines was outstanding for his wisdom. It was then that I received a tremendous surprise, with mystical amazement, I saw the Sovereign Commander Gargha Kuichines rise to emphatically corroborate my words.

The cited Master informed us that he personally had seen such an account written in golden verse. He spoke to us about a dusty old book and lamented having lent it. God and Virgin Mary Help me!, yet I had never known about such a book.

Old traditions from antiquity tell us that many people from those Caribbean coasts were searching for Bleler's treasure.

It is curious that those noble aborigines who had buried so rich a fortune long before, are again reimbodied forming a *Santam Sanctorum Sanctuarium* group. The Law of Recurrence works in this way.

I clearly recall that after my stormy existence with the afore mentioned English personality, I was constantly invoked by those persons who are dedicated to spiritualism. They wanted me to tell them the spot where the delightful guarded gold was to be found, greedy for Bleler's treasure. However, it's evident, that in being faithful to my oath in the region of the dead I never wished to part with the secret.

Repeating the steps of the insolent Marquis Juan Conrado in my subsequent existence I reincarnated in Mexico; I was baptized with the name Daniel Coronado, born in the North, in the area round Hermosillo, all places known to me in other times as the Marquis. My parents wanted everything good for me and as a youth they enroled me in the Military Academy at a very young age, but it was all in vain.

One of those days, I used a weekend badly in feasting and drunkenness with madcap friends.

I still confess to some shame that I had to come home with the cadet's uniform soiled, torn and degraded... Obviously my parents felt deceived.

It is obvious that I never returned to the Military Academy, undoubtedly from that moment on, my bitter path began...

Then, luckily I found Litelantes again. She had been reincarnated with the name Ligia Paca (or Francisca). Fortunately she married me...

The biography of any life is in fact a very difficult and substantial task, for this reason I have only emphasized certain details with an esoteric purpose.

Without question, I did not enjoy a comfortable situation, I earned our daily bread with difficulty. Many times, eating on Ligia's miserable salary. She was a poor rural school teacher and to make matters worse, I even tormented her with my execrable jealousy. I did not wish to look favourably upon those of her colleagues in the teaching profession who offered her friendship...

Still, I did something useful at that time: I formed a fine esoteric Gnostic group in the Centre of Mexico. Students from that congregation return to me in my present existence in accordance with the Law of Recurrence...

During Porfiro's bloody regime I certainly did not have a very agreeable post in the rural police. I made the inexcusable mistake of prosecuting the famous "Golondrino", a dangerous bandit who lay waste the region, clearly such an unsavoury character was executed...

In my present existence I met him again reimbodied in a female body, suffering prosecution mania, frightened of being imprisoned for theft. She struggled to loosen herself from imaginary ropes, believing she was about to be executed... It is plain that I wrote off my debt by curing the said malady, the psychiatrists had failed lamentably, they were not qualified to heal her...

At the outbreak of rebellion against Don Porfirio Diaz, I resigned the inauspicious post with the police. Then with lowly workers with picks and shovels, poor labourers enticed away from the estates of their masters, I organized a battalion. This brave handful of humble people were certainly admirable, scarcely armed with machetes because no one had enough money to buy firearms. Fortunately, General Francisco Villa welcomed us into the North Division and there we were given horses and rifles.

There is no doubt that in those years of tyranny we fought for a great cause, the Mexican people groaned under the heels of dictatorship...

In the name of truth I must say that my personality as Daniel Coronado was certainly a failure, the only things of worth in that troubled life were the esoteric group in the Federal District and my sacrifice in the Revolution.

To my comrades in the rebellion I say: I deserted the ranks when I became seriously ill. In my last days of tortured life I roamed the streets in the Federal District, barefoot and in tattered rags, hungry, old, infirm and begging...

With deep distress I frankly confess that I died in a filthy hovel.

I still remember the moment when the doctor, seated on a chair after examining me, shook his head and exclaimed: "This is a lost case", then left.

What happened immediately after was frightful: I felt terribly cold like the ice of death.

Screams of desperation reached my ears, "Saint Peter! Saint Paul! Help him! cried the woman whom I called "the grave digger".

Strange skeletal hands seized me by the waist and took me out of my physical body. It was obvious that the Angel of Death had intervened. Resolutely the angel cut the silver cord with the sickle and then blessed me and went away.

Blessed Death! How long had I awaited you, At last you came to my aid, so bitter was my existence.

After unnameable grief I rested happily in the Superior Worlds. Certainly the human pain of mortals also has its limits beyond which reigns peace.

Unfortunately, that repose in the deep bosom of eternity did not last for long: one day, one of the Shining Lords of the Law very softly came to me and said: "Master Samael Aun Weor everything is ready, follow me."

I immediately answered: "Yes Venerable Master, fine, I shall follow you." Then together we travelled to various places and finally entered a stately house, crossing the courtyard and passing through a drawing room then we went into the lady of the house's bedroom: we heard her groans as she underwent labour pains...

This was the mystic moment in which I watched with amazement the silver cord of my present existence psychically connected to the infant about to be born.

Moments later that baby eagerly inhaled the prana of life: I felt drawn into the interior of it's small organism and then I cried with all the force of my soul...

Around me I saw some people smiling and I confess that my attention was especially drawn to a giant who gazed at me tenderly; He was my earthly father.

It is necessary to emphasize that the author of my days was in the medieval times during the age of chivalry, a nobleman whom I had defeated in a bloody battle. He had sworn then to take revenge and as is clear this he fulfilled in my present existence.

At a very young age I abandoned my home, provoked by painful circumstances, and I travelled to all the places where I had been in previous existences.

The same dramas were repeated, and the same scenes: Litelantes appeared again on my course. I re-encountered my old friends: I wished to speak to them but they did not recognize me; my efforts to make them remember our past times were fruitless.

However, something new happened in my present reincarnation: My Inner Real Being made desperate, terrible efforts to bring me back to the straight path from which I had deviated for such a long time.

I openly confess that I dissolved the Ego and that I raised myself up from the mire of the soil.

It is obvious that the EGO is subject to the Law of Recurrence. When the Myself is dissolved we acquire Liberty, we become emancipated from the afore mentioned Law.

Practice has taught me that the different scenes of diverse existences happen come from within the cosmic spiral, always repeated, in due course, in higher or lower spirals.

All the Marquis' deeds, including his innumerable journeys, were continually repeated, each time in lower spirals, during the three subsequent reincarnations.

There exist in the world people of precise, automatic repetition, people who are always reborn in the same town and within the same family.

Clearly, such EGOS already know their role by heart and even enjoy the luxury of making prophecies about themselves. It is plain that constant repetition does not allow them to forget events, that's why they seem to be prophets. These said people astound their relatives by the accuracy of their predictions.

CHAPTER 39

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS

Using the cosmic amphitheatre as the scenario, I wish to translate some recollections in these pages...

Long before the emergence from within Chaos of the lunar chain about which so many distinguished theosophist writers have spoken, there existed a certain universe of which only traces now remain among the intimate registers of Nature...

It was in one of those worlds that occurred that which I continue to relate with the aim of clarifying the Doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls...

In accordance with cosmic decisions, seven human races very similar to those of our world, evolved and involuted on that planet.

By the time of it's Fifth Root Race, which overly resembled our own, there existed the abominable civilization of Kali-Yuga or the Iron Age, such as we have at this moment here on Earth.

At that time I was merely a poor Intellectual Animal condemned to the sorrow of living. I had gone from bad to worse, incessantly reincorporating in male or female organisms in accordance with the debit and credit of Karma...

In plain language I confess that my Natural Mother worked in vain creating bodies; I always destroyed them with my vices and passions.

Like an unbearable curse, each one of my existences was repeated within the spiral line, in lower curves... It was obvious that I had launched myself on the downward path of involution.

I wallowed like a pig in the wretched mire of all my vices and was not remotely interested in spiritual matters...

Without question I had turned into an irredeemable cynic: it became clear that any kind of punishment, no matter how grave, was in fact condemned to failure...

It is said that Buddha's necklace has one hundred and eight beads and this indicates to us the number of lives which are assigned to every soul...

I must emphasise by saying that the last of those 108 existences was for me something definitive... it was then that I entered Involution in the submerged mineral Kingdom.

The last of those personalities was of the female sex and it is clear that after wallowing in the bed of Procrustes, it served me the passport to Hell...

In the bowels of that mineral world, I blasphemed, I cursed, I offended, I insulted, fornicating shockingly, and I degenerated more and more without any sign of repentance...

I felt as if I was falling into the remote distance of the past, the human form disgusted me, I preferred to assume the form of beasts in those abysses, Later appearing as a plant, a shadow that slid here and there; finally I felt I was fossilizing...

To turn into stone! What horror!... Yet, as I was in such a state of degeneration it was of no importance to me...

In the city of the living dead, to see, as the leprous, fingers falling off, ears, noses, arms and legs, is certainly not pleasant ; still nothing moved me...

I fornicated unceasingly in the bed of Procrustes with whatever larva came near and I felt myself extinguishing like a taper, fire or candle...

Life in the mineral entrails of such a planet obviously was excessively monotonous, that is why, since I wanted to kill long and tedious amounts of time, I wallowed like a pig in filth. I became frightfully debilitated, falling into pieces and dying painfully; I disintegrated with hideous slowness...

I no longer had strength to think - it was better this way - at last the "Second Death" came, about which Saint John spoke in the Apocalypses; I exhaled my last breath and then...

The ESSENCE was freed, I saw myself transformed into a lovely child. Certain Devas, after examining me thoroughly, allowed me entrance through atomic doors which led to a return journey to the surface of the planet, into the sunlight.

Evidently the Ego had died, the Myself. My freed soul now assumed the beautiful shape of a tender infant... What Happiness My God! How great is the mercy of God!...

ESSENCE liberated from the EGO is completely innocent and pure. The EGO is that which is converted to cosmic dust within the bowels of this world...

How long did I live in the infernal worlds? I do not know: possibly eight to ten thousand years...

Now devoid of Ego and back on the evolutionary path; I entered the world of gnomes or pygmies, beings who work with the clay of the earth, innocent elementals of the mineral Kingdom...

Later I entered the paradises of the elementals in the plant kingdom; I reincorporated constantly as plants, trees and flowers; How happy I felt in the temples of Eden receiving the teaching at the feet of the Devas...!

Happiness in the paradise of the "JINAS" is inconceivable to human reasoning.

Every family in those Edens have their temples and their instructors. One is filled with ecstasy upon entering the sanctuary of the orange groves or the chapel of the elemental family of mint, the church of the Eucalyptus...

In dealing with the evolutionary process we must put forward the following declaration: ***Natura non facit saltus*** (Nature does not take jumps). It is therefore evident that the more advanced states of the plant kingdom allowed me passage to the animal state.

I began re-imbodiment in very simple organisms and after having taken millions of bodies, I ended up returning in more and more complex organisms...

As an outstanding note in these paragraphs, I must assert that still I have very interesting memories of one of those many existences, by the banks of a beautiful river of tinkling waters which hastened ever merrily amongst its bed of age old rocks...

I was at that time a humble creature, a very particular specimen of the Batrachian genus. I moved about in the thicket, hopping here, there and everywhere.

It is clear that I had full Consciousness of myself; I knew that formerly I had belonged to the perilous kingdom of intellectual animals... My best friends were the elementals of those plants which had their roots in the banks of the river, with them I talked in the universal language...

I dwelt delightfully in the shadow, far away from rational humanoids. When I had presentiment of any immediate danger I found refuge in the crystal waters...

I continued to return many times in various organisms before I had the pleasure of re-imbodiment as a specimen of a certain class of very intelligent amphibians which gladly emerged from the stormy waters of the sea to greet the sun's rays on the sandy beach...

When the terrible Parca came, sovereign at whom all mortals tremble with fear, I did my last farewell to the three inferior kingdoms and returned to a humanoid organism; in this way I painfully recaptured the rational animal state which I formerly lost...

In this, my new state of a tri- brained or tri- centered Biped state I remembered I evoked unusual abysmal incidents. I had not the slightest desire to go back to the buried world. I longed to wisely make the most of my new one hundred and eight lives cycle which were now assigned for my Inner Self- Realisation.

Past experience had left painful scars in the depth of my soul and I was in no manner disposed to repeat the involutive processes of the infernal World.

I knew well that the Wheel of Samsara turns unceasingly in an evolutionary and involutary way and that Essences, after passing through the intellectual animal kingdom, descend millions of times to the horrific precipice to eliminate the subjective elements of perception. However, by no means did I long for more abysmal suffering and that is why I was well disposed to make the best of my new cycle of rational existences. By this time the civilization of the aforementioned planet had reached its peak; the inhabitants of that world had ships, spaceships, gigantic ultra modern cities, powerful industries and commerce, all kinds of universities etc, unfortunately there was no coordination whatsoever with the uneasiness of the spirit.

In one of my new humanoid existences, with a restless Consciousness, as though sensing a strange terror, I resolved to enquire into, to investigate, to seek the secret path...

A wise old proverb says: "When the disciple is ready the Master appears."

The Guru, the Guide appeared, to take me out of the Darkness into the Light, he taught me the Mysteries of Life and Death, he showed me the Path of the Razor's Edge.

Thereby evolved the Mystery of the Golden Blossom; I understood my own situation in depth. I knew that I was only a poor homunculus, yearning to become a True Man and it is obvious that I achieved this in that great cosmic day, that sidereal day before yesterday, long before the Mahavantara of Padma or Golden Lotus.

In those long remote times unfortunately, when I had scarcely started my esoteric studies at the feet of the Master, I did not enjoy a fortune; my family- inhabitants of that world lived in poverty; a sister who looked after the house earned wretched pennies in a street market selling fruit and vegetables; I accompanying her...

On one occasion I was locked up in a horrendous prison for no reason...

I spent a long time behind the cruel bars of that goal; however- and this is curious- no one accused me, no crime existed to pursue, it was treated as a very special case and to make matters worse, my name did not even appear in the list of prisoners Obviously there was a certain kind of secret persecution against the Initiates, so I came to understand. Patiently, in expectation of any opportunity, I lay in wait for some chance moment to escape...

A number of times I tried in vain to escape, but finally one day, for no particular reason the guards forgot that a door had been left open, unquestionably I could not miss such a longed for opportunity, in a matter of seconds I was out of that prison making detours in a market square with the intention of throwing some of the police who had managed to see me and were following, off the scent. At any rate, I succeeded in my attempt and left that city for good. I shall conclude the present chapter by saying that only by working in the FIERY FORGE OF VULCAN did I then manage to become a Super-Man.

CHAPTER 40

THE ARCANES TEN

From the strictly academic point of view the word EVOLUTION means: development, construction, progression, improvement, advance, edification, dignification, etc.

Making a clear, orthodox and purely grammatical approach: the term Involution signifies inverse progression, retrogression, destruction, degeneration, decadence, etc.

Obviously it is urgent to emphasize the transcendental idea that the Law of Antithesis is coexistent with any crude natural process. This concept of content is absolutely, unimpeachable, unassailable and irrefutable.

Specific examples: day and night, light and darkness, construction and destruction, increase and decrease, birth and death, etc...

The exclusion of any of these two aforementioned Laws - EVOLUTION and INVOLUTION - would give rise to static, quiescent, radical paralysis of natural mechanisms.

To deny then, any of these two decrees in fact signifies a fall into barbarism...

There is EVOLUTION in the plant which germinates, develops and grows. There is INVOLUTION in the plant which gets old and slowly decreases until it becomes kindling. EVOLUTION exists in every organism which gestates, is born and grows. INVOLUTION exists in every creature which expires and dies.

There is EVOLUTION in every cosmic oneness which emerges from chaos; there is INVOLUTION in every planet in a state of consumption signalled to become a moon, a corpse...

There is Evolution in every ascending civilization; there is involution in any descending culture...

It is evident that both the afore-mentioned Laws constitute the fundamental mechanical axis of Nature.

Unquestionably without such a basic axis, the wheel of natural mechanisms would not be able to turn. Life flows in waves which rotate with the Arcane 10 of the Tarot...

Essential waves start their EVOLUTION in the mineral kingdom, proceed with the plant state, continue on the animal scale and finally reach the level of the intellectual humanoid...

Life waves descend afterwards, involuting towards the interior of the planetary organism to go down through the animal and plant scales returning down to the mineral kingdom. The wheel of SAMSARA turns; on the right side evolving Anubis ascends, on the left involuting Typhon descends.

The condition of the intellectual humanoid state is excessively relative and circumstantial.

We have been quite justly told that any of the humanoid periods always consist of a hundred and eight existences of both the evolutive and involutive type, more or less alternating.

To clarify: to each rational humanoid cycle a hundred and eight lives are assigned which keeps deep strict mathematical harmony with the number of beads which form the necklace of Buddha.

After each humanoid epoch, and in accordance with the Laws of Time, Space and Motion, the Wheel of the Arcane 10 of the TAROT inevitably turns; and so it is manifestly clear that the involutive waves of life descend into the interior of the planetary organism only to reascend later on...

The wheel of SAMSARA turns three thousand times. Understand that, to capture it's profound significance is essential and cannot be postponed if we really long for the final Liberation.

To continue with the present chapter, it is necessary to attract the reader's attention with the objective of asserting the following: after the completion of the three thousand periods of the great wheel, any kind of esoteric Self-Realization is impossible.

In other words, it is necessary to declare the inescapable fact that every Monad is mathematically assigned three thousand CYCLES for it's profound inner Self-Realization. It is without doubt that after the last turn of the wheel the doors are closed. When this happens, the Monad, the immortal Spark, our real Being, gathers up it's Essence and its principles to be definitively absorbed into the bosom of that which has no name. (The Supreme Parabrahmatman).

It is obvious that the failed Monads who have not achieved Mastery, possess divine Happiness, but do not have legitimate Self-Consciousness; they are only sparks of the Great Blaze, they cannot become flames...

Those sparks can give no excuse, since the three thousand turns of the wheel are always carried out through many cosmic days and in various universal scenarios which offer infinite possibilities.

Above the Wheel of the Arcane 10 we see a Sphinx adorned with a crown of nine metal tips. Such an Egyptian figure obviously cannot be encountered either on the right or situated on the left of the great wheel.

The Crown speaks to us of the Ninth Sphere, of Sex, of the esoteric work in VULCAN'S FIERY FORGE.

Ostensible this hieratic image is very remote from the evolutive and involutive laws, which are represented on the right and left sides of the wheel, and indicate to us the path of the Revolution of the Consciousness, Real Initiatory Wisdom...

Only by entering onto the Path of inner Rebellion, only by separating from evolutive and involutive paths of the wheel of SAMSARA can we become Genuine and True, Real Men. Intransigent exclusion of the Doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls as taught by KRISHNA, the Great Hindu Avatar, imprisons us in the DOGMA OF EVOLUTION.

In matters of Esotericism, orientalism, occultism, etc, scholars have full freedom to write whatever they please; however they should not forget the *Golden Book*, I mean the "Standard measure": "The Tarot"...

No one can with impunity violate the Laws of the TAROT without getting what they deserve; remember that the Law of KATANCIA, the Superior Karma exists... There is responsibility in words... THE DOGMA OF EVOLUTION breaks the cosmic Laws of the Arcane 10 of the TAROT, violates the desiderata of the Golden Book... leads many people into error. Obviously every erudite occultist, all esoterists, must always call on the Standard measures, the Tarot, if they do not want to fall into the absurd.

Inverential peace

SAMAEL AUN WEOR